

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1407.—May 20, 1871.

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## LAUS TIBI DOMINE.

HIGHEST omnipotent good Lord,  
 Glory and honour to Thy name adored,  
 And praise and every blessing.  
 Of everything Thou art the source,  
 No man is worthy to pronounce Thy name.

Praised by His creatures all,  
 Praised be the Lord my God,  
 By Messer Sun, my brother above all,  
 Who by his rays lights us and lights the day —  
 Radiant is she, with his great splendour stored,  
 Thy Glory, Lord, confessing.

By Sister Moon and stars my Lord is praised,  
 Where clear and fair they in the heavens are  
 raised.

By Brother Wind, my Lord, thy praise is said,  
 By air and clouds and the blue sky o'erhead,  
 By which Thy creatures are all kept and fed.

By one most humble, useful, precious, chaste,  
 By Sister Water, O my Lord, Thou art praised.

And praised is my Lord  
 By Brother Fire — he who lights up the night  
 Jocund, robust is he, and strong and bright.

Praised art thou, my Lord, by Mother Earth —  
 Thou who sustainest her, and governest,  
 And to her flowers, fruit, herbs, dost colour give  
 and birth.

And praised is my Lord  
 By those who, for Thy love, can pardon give,  
 And bear the weakness and the wrongs of men.  
 Blessed are those who suffer thus in peace,  
 By Thee, the Highest, to be crowned in heaven.

Praised by our Sister Death, my Lord, art Thou,  
 From whom no living man escapes.  
 Who die in mortal sin have mortal woe;  
 But blessed they who die doing Thy will,—  
 The second death can strike at them no blow.

Praises, and thanks, and blessing to my Master  
 be:

Serve ye Him all, with great humility.

St. Francis of Assisi. Translated by Mrs. Oliphant.

## THE CONSCIENCE AND FUTURE JUDGMENT.

I SAT alone with my conscience,  
 In a place where Time had ceased,  
 And we talked of my former living  
 In the land where the years increased.  
 And I felt I should have to answer  
 The question it put to me,  
 And to face the answer and question  
 Throughout an eternity.  
 The ghosts of forgotten actions,  
 Came floating before my sight,  
 And things that I thought were dead things  
 Were alive with a terrible might.

And the vision of all my past life  
 Was an awful thing to face,—  
 Alone with my conscience sitting  
 In that solemnly silent place.  
 And I thought of a far-away warning  
 Of a sorrow that was to be mine,  
 In a land that then was the future,  
 But now is the present time.  
 And I thought of my former thinking  
 Of the judgment-day to be,  
 But sitting alone with my conscience  
 Seemed judgment enough for me.  
 And I wondered if there was a future  
 To this land beyond the grave;  
 But no one gave me an answer,  
 And no one came to save.  
 Then I felt that the future was present,  
 And the present would never go by,  
 For it was but the thought of my past life  
 Grown into eternity.  
 Then I woke from my timely dreaming,  
 And the vision passed away,  
 And I knew the far-away warning  
 Was a warning of yesterday.  
 And I pray that I may not forget it,  
 In this land before the grave,  
 That I may not cry in the future,  
 And no one come to save.  
 And so I have learnt a lesson  
 Which I ought to have known before,  
 And which, though I learnt it dreaming,  
 I hope to forget no more.  
 So I sit alone with my conscience  
 In the place where the years increase,  
 And I try to remember the future  
 In the land where Time will cease.  
 And I know of the future judgment,  
 How dreadful soe'er it be,  
 That to sit alone with my conscience  
 Will be judgment enough for me.

Spectator.

## A CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

He envied not the pomp and power  
 Of kings in their triumphal hour  
 The deeds that win a lofty name,  
 The songs that give to bards their fame.

He sighed not for the gold that shines  
 In Guinea's brooks, in Ophir's mines;  
 He stood not at the festivals  
 Of nobles in their gorgeous halls.

He walked on earth as wood streams pass  
 Unseen beneath the freshened grass;  
 His were pure thoughts and earnest faith,  
 A blameless life and tranquil death.

He kept, in days of strife and wrath,  
 The Christian's straight and narrow path;  
 But weep thou not, — we must not weep,  
 When they, who rest in Jesus, sleep.

Christian Register.

From The Westminster Review.  
THOMAS HOOD.\*

We give short names to those whom we love best. It would sound as oddly to talk of Sir Robert Steele or Mr. Hood as to call Milton "Jack" or Browning "Robert." Our admiration for the writings and genius of the author of "Paradise Lost," is of course greater than what we entertain for those of Steele or Hood, yet we love the latter as men more than we love Milton. Goethe, Dante, Bacon, and Kant, are elevated by means of their strength and the character of their genius, beyond the range of our sympathies. Our admiration of them is more of the intellect than of the heart. Steele, Lamb, and Hood, on the other hand, are more like ourselves; we love them for their intense humanity—for the very failings that help to draw them within the circle of our affinities. Tom Hood is one of ourselves, an intimate friend, a member of our family; with whom we can laugh and be merry, and to whom we can tell our secrets, and chat in a pleasant, homely fashion. We are at home in his company, as if we had been intimate with him from boyhood, and can fancy at times that we hear his quiet laugh, his merry quip, and see the pleasant smile that lit up his pale, solemn face.

The lives of authors are proverbially barren in incident, and that of Tom Hood is but a record of suffering and trouble, unrelieved by aught save a few stray gleams of sunshine, and by the never-failing halo of a happy nature, which served to brighten the dark outlines of his life. Tom Hood was born, May 23rd, 1799, in the Poultry, London. His father was a native of Scotland, who had travelled South, to seek his fortune, and, like most Scotchmen of a migratory nature, never returned to his native country. He was from all accounts a good man of business, and held in respect for his social and moral virtues. His family consisted of James, Thomas, and four daughters. James died

at an early age, of consumption, which ultimately carried off his mother and two sisters. The lines entitled "A Deathbed"—amongst the most touching in the language—were written by Hood on the death of his sister Anne, and first appeared (minus a verse) in a Glasgow University Album:—

"We watched her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

"So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.

"Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied—  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

"For when the morn came dim and sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
Another morn than ours."

Hood's father died not long afterwards, leaving his widow and children slenderly provided for, and Tom, not to encroach on their scanty means, was articled to his uncle, Mr. Sands, an engraver. The knowledge and experience which he acquired while there, were of the utmost importance to him in after-life, enabling him to illustrate his own jokes with cuts only less comical than the jokes themselves. The confinement and drudgery of the business soon told upon his health, and he was shipped off to some relatives in Dundee. How he spent his time in Scotland is not known. He appears to have lived happily enough, and was greatly benefited by the strong sea air. While there, he made his first appearance as an author in the *Dundee Advertiser*. He gives a pleasant account of his boyish delight on first beholding himself in print, which contrasts painfully with some remarks on the same subject which he let drop, many years afterwards, to his friend Mons. de Franck, half-pay officer in the Prussian army. The latter had been accusing Hood of laziness in writing, on which the poet replies:—

\* 1. *Memorials of Thomas Hood*. By his Children.

2. *The Works of Thomas Hood, Comic and Serious, in Prose and Verse, with all the original illustrations*. London: E. Moxon, Son, & Co., Dover Street. 1870.

"What a noise you make about my silence! Why didn't you write in the interval? You, you, you who have half-pay for doing nothing, whereas I am only half-paid for doing everything. Besides, I have to write till I am sick of the sight of pen, ink, and paper; but it *must* be a change to you to scribble a bit, after your fishing, shooting, boar-hunting, and the rest of your idle business at Antonine. You know what leisure is, I don't."

What a tale do these words tell in their unpretending pathos! What a difference between poor Hood's ideas of authorship in 1843, when he had reached the topmost round of the ladder, and his ideas on the same subject some twenty years before, when stealthily, and with trembling hand, he dropped his first verses into the Editorial box of a provincial newspaper?

His small literary success in Dundee greatly influenced his after-life, for from this time he gradually drifted—like most *littérateurs*,—into authorship, to which he had naturally a strong leaning; his father having been a man of cultivated taste and literary attainments, a partner in the publishing firm of Vernor and Hood, and the author of two novels.

In 1821 Hood returned to London, and was soon installed as sub-editor of the "London Magazine." He eagerly took advantage of the opening afforded him, and was soon busily engaged in the duties of a literary life. His first original paper appeared in the July number for 1821 in some verses "To Hope," and he shortly afterwards became a regular contributor. His turn for humour showed itself in his answers to correspondents, some of which are very amusing—*e.g.*, "H. B.'s sonnet to the 'Rising Sun' is suspected of having been written for a lark;" "'The Echo' will not answer;" "W. is informed that his 'Night' is too long, for the moon rises twice in it," and so on. Hood's connexion with the "London" was the means of introducing him to many friends, for among his contributors were bright-eyed, loving, stuttering Charley Lamb, with his small spare body and finely-shaped head; fair-faced Coleridge with his waving hair, grave smile, and girlish complexion; poor Clare, in his bright green coat and seedy yellow waistcoat; De Quincey, with his dreamy

eyes and sad pale face; Hazlitt, whose fine spirit disappointment was fast souring; large-browed Barry Cornwall, Allan Cunningham, Judge Talfourd, Horace Smith, and other literary celebrities. Amongst his closest friends was John Hamilton Reynolds, who wrote some pleasant articles in prose and verse under the *nom de plume* of "Edward Herbert." This friendship, unfortunate in the end, had an important bearing on Hood's life, for through it he became acquainted with his friend's sister, Jane Reynolds, whom he married on May 5th, 1824. Authors, and especially poets, are proverbially unfortunate in their marriages. Socrates, Job, Milton, Byron, Shelley, with many others, have been unhappy in their wives. It is pleasant, therefore, to know that Hood's case was a bright exception. Despite the sorrows, hardships, and life-long disease that crippled his energies and marred his life, the union was a singularly happy one. Mrs. Hood was a woman of cultivated mind, great moral worth, and literary sympathies. She was her husband's constant nurse through an illness that never left him; cheered him when dull, acted as amanuensis, and, during the last few years of his life, so devoted to him her whole time and thoughts, that latterly Hood became restless and unable to write unless she were near. Seldom have the words of the great novelist, who was almost a great poet, been more nobly realized than in the person of Mrs. Hood:—

"O, woman!

When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!"

She needed a sweet temper to put up with a husband so brim full of fun and practical jokes as Hood. Nothing seemed to ruffle her temper, and she was always ready to join in the laugh even when against herself. The reason was that she knew and loved her husband perfectly. Nothing could shake her confidence in him, and the rogue was apt at times to take advantage of her faith. She required to keep a strict watch on every letter she wrote, for if she left it for any time in Hood's presence, he would take advantage of her absence to change the "t's" into



"I's," and after interlining here and there the most extraordinary statements, to add, by way of climax, some ludicrously comical postscript. Their children tell us that she was a capital subject for his fun, for she believed implicitly in whatever he told her, however improbable, and though vowing seriously not to be taken in again, she was sure to be caught. Her innocent face of wonder and belief added greatly to the zest of the jokes. On one occasion, when living at the coast, Hood gave his wife some useful hints on buying fish. "Above all things, Jane," said he, "as they will endeavour to impose upon your inexperience, let nothing induce you to buy a plaice that has any appearance of red or orange spots, as they are sure signs of an advanced stage of decomposition." Accordingly Mrs. Hood, on the faith of her newly-acquired knowledge, was quite prepared to do battle with the cunning fisherwomen, one of whom called shortly afterwards. As it happened, the woman had nothing but plaice, which she turned over and over, praising their freshness and beauty. Mrs. Hood, however, was too sharp—*she* was not to be taken in—the obnoxious spots were there. In vain the fisherwoman protested that they were fresh from the water. The cautious buyer gravely shook her head, and with a look of infinite wisdom, combined with a certain sad pity for the woman's supposed dishonesty, observed,— "My good woman, it may be as you say, but I could never think of bnying any plaice with those very unpleasant red spots." "Lord bless yer eyes, Mum!" replied the astonished fisherwoman, with a shout, "who ever seed plaice *wihout* spots?" A suppressed giggle on the stairs behind her revealed the joke, and, turning her head hastily, Mrs. Hood caught sight of her husband hurriedly disappearing in an ecstasy of laughter, leaving her to appease the angry sea-nymph as she could.

The most careless reader of Hood's Life cannot fail to be struck by the happiness of the poet and his family in the midst of continual difficulties and broken health. Mrs. Hood is constantly talking of her husband. Her private letters teem with sentences beginning "Hood said this," "Hood

did that." "Hood took me to such a place." The intense loveableness of the man manifests itself in his life and poetry. He was essentially a family man—joking with his wife—contriving all sorts of tricks and games for his children, and after a severe night's labour stealing into their bedroom to leave upon their pillow some comical sketch to amuse them on waking.

The first few years of his married life were the most unclouded Hood ever knew, and he much needed some little happiness to hoard up against the bitter years that were fast coming. The young couple lived for some years in Robert Street, Adelphi. Hood was a thorough cockney, and though doomed by the fault of others to pass the best part of his life on the continent, was never at home out of London. Only a city-bred man—one familiar with the misery and squalidness and sin of city life—could have written the "Song of the Shirt." His first child did not long survive its birth. The parents felt the disappointment keenly, for on turning over some old papers after Hood's death, his children came upon a few tiny curls of golden hair, wrapped in a yellow, time-worn paper, inscribed, in their father's handwriting:—

"Little eyes that scarce did see,  
Little lips that never smiled,  
Alas! my little, dear, dead child,  
Death is thy father and not me,  
I but embraced thee, soon as he!"

About this time, conjointly with his brother-in-law, Hood published anonymously his "Odes and Addresses to Great People." The little work had a large sale, and much speculation was excited as to its author, Coleridge, amongst others, attributing it to Charles Lamb. In 1826 appeared the first series of "Whims and Oddities," which took so well that a second edition followed next year. In the same year appeared his "Plea for the Midsummer Fairies," in which the author's exquisitely delicate fancy runs riot in very prodigality of wit. The poem, however, failed to hit the public taste, and sold so badly that the author bought up the remainder of the edition "to save it," as he said him-

self, "from the butter-shop." In 1829 he removed with his family to the country, first to Winchester, and next to the Lake House, which latter place suggested some of the best descriptions in his novel of "Tynley Hall." In 1830—the year in which Tom Hood the younger was born—appeared the first "Comic Annual," which proved a success, and was the means of widening the author's circle of admirers. Amongst others to whom it introduced him was the late Duke of Devonshire. His Grace wrote Hood a very kind letter, with the request that he would supply him with a set of titles for a door of sham books. Among those sent were these:—"Dante's Inferno; or, a description of Van Demon's Land;" "On cutting off Heirs with a Shilling, by Barber Beaumont;" "Percy Vere, in 40 vols.;" "Lamb, on the Death of Wolfe;" "Pygmalion," by Lord Bacon; "Memoirs of Mrs. Mountain," by Ben Lomond; "Rules for Punctuation," by a thorough-bred Pointer; "Cursory Remarks on Swearing;" "Reflections of Bannister," by Lord Stair; "Life of Jack Ketch, with cuts of his own Execution;" "Tadpoles, or Tales out of my own Head;" "Barrow, on the Common Weal," &c. From this time the "Comic Annual" appeared regularly, and by 1833 its author had become pretty well known to the general public. At the end of 1834, by the failure of a firm, Hood became involved in pecuniary difficulties. He strove hard to recover himself, but resisted the advice of his friends to have recourse to the Bankruptcy Court. Emulating the example of another illustrious Scotchman, he determined to wipe out his debts with his pen, with which view, leaving his all to his creditors, he sailed for the Continent. In the face of failing health, a doubtful future, and his wife's being left behind through illness, Hood kept up a brave heart, resolved to see nothing but the bright side of the picture. The letters which he wrote to Mrs. Hood at this time are very touching:—

"I saw a vision of you, dearest, to-day,"—he writes—"and felt you leaning on me, and looking over the Moselle at the blue mountains and vineyards. I long but to get to work with you and the pigeon pair by my side, and then I shall not sigh for the past. Only cast aside sea fears, and you will find your voyage a pleasant one. . . . Get yourself strong, there is still a happy future; fix your eyes forward on our meeting, my best and dearest. Our little home, though homely, will be happy for us, and we do not bid England a very long good-night—good-

night too, my dearest wife, my pride and comfort!"

He then goes on in a P.S. to make suggestions as to the best mode of travelling, and closes thus:—

"May God have all those I love, or who love love me, in His holy keeping, is the prayer of the subscribed,

"THOMAS HOOD."

Mrs Hood followed in March, 1836, and in the lovely little town of Coblenz, with its vineyards and ruin-crested mountains, and the broad Rhine and blue Moselle flowing pleasantly through, Hood settled down to hard work. His spirits were singularly elastic, and each fresh misfortune served to stimulate his energies. He had set an honourable task before him—the redemption of his debt—and he was determined that nothing should hinder him in his work. The Germans—with whom, although cousins, he was not on "speaking terms"—afforded a rare butt for his wit. His private letters to friends in England are filled with the drollest accounts of how he got on abroad. Hood is the "Mark Tapley" of literature—always happiest when he should be in the nature of things be most miserable. His German neighbours swindled him right and left. The fact of his being an Englishman was reason sufficient for charging him 30 or 35 per cent. on everything. "I had some shirts," he writes, "made here, and they not only changed the cloth I had bought for them, but sent me home some so laughably short, I could only make shift with them, yet this was a respectable shop." Indeed, he was afraid that if many more Englishmen came over there would be a revolution, not that "they would desire to remove their king, but that they would wish their sovereign to go farther." "He was even surprised," he remarks, "to get sweet milk, the Germans having such a turn for everything sour." The climate, too, affected his health unfavourably. He was constantly suffering from violent spasms of the chest, coughing, ague, and blood-spitting, and, to crown all, the doctors proved themselves leeches indeed. Like the rest of their countrymen, they bled him so unmercifully that he grew weak and thin. "I heard the other day," he writes, "of a man who had no less than fifty-five leeches on his thigh. The man who bled me, and there are several bleeders here, told me he had attended eighty patients that month! One of the blisters would draw a waggon." He made at

least one pleasant friend during his first summer at Coblenz, in the person of the young Prussian officer to whom we have already referred — Mons. de Franck — a brave, kindly, handsome young fellow, who was Hood's constant companion in all his fishing rambles, and was in the habit of dropping in of an evening in a friendly way to play cribbage with the poet and his wife. Through all his ill-health, Hood worked hard. The public at home, that laughed over the quaint quips and cuts which the never-failing "Comic" brought them, little thought with what pain and difficulty its mirth-inspiring pages were written. Yet, day by day, and often far into the night, the scratch of the pen was heard in his little room, and when, as often happened, the writer was so exhausted as to be unable to hold it, propped up by pillows, he still dictated to his wife the never-failing series of joke and pun. Some of Mrs. Hood's letters home are very amusing: — "Did you," she writes, "ever hear of bathing in malt? It is a German remedy. You see written up here, 'Beer, Brewery and Bath House;' Hood [always Hood] will have it they bathe in beer; he thinks the little children may be done in small beer." In 1834 the monotony of the poet's life was varied pleasantly. His friend De Franck, with his brother officers — for Hood was a favourite everywhere — prevailed on him to accompany the regiment on their march to Bromberg. His account of his military life is very humorous, and although the accommodation was often very bad — one house, where an officer was billeted, being so ruinous that his dog stood and howled at it — Hood enjoyed himself thoroughly. He was extremely delighted to find that his clerical appearance exempted him from the payment of tolls, the tollkeepers all taking him for a chaplain. In the beginning of 1837, he finally made up his mind to leave Coblenz. It was high time. The air of the place was killing him, and after his friend De Franck had left he felt lonely. For the first time he grew really alarmed, and through his fun and humour at this time there runs an undertone of sadness very touching from the contrast. At Ostend, where he removed next, he lived for some time, and found the place pleasant enough, but its miasmatic swamps and mists were worse even than the alternated extremes of heat and cold at Coblenz. Still he liked Ostend (as he tried to like every place), and one feels almost angry at his contentedness in a country whose climate was killing him by inches. His

friend Dr. Elliott at length prevailed on him to return to England in 1840, and was thus the means of sparing his life for a few years longer. From this time the shadows deepen round him. One attack of illness succeeded another. He was often so weak as to be unable even to move, and not unfrequently was attacked by half a dozen ailments at once. In 1841 a gleam of sunshine gladdened his life. On the death of Theodore Hook he was appointed editor of the "New Monthly Magazine," at a salary of 300*l.* a year, independently of what his own articles might bring. Shortly before, in the same periodical, he wrote his famous poem "Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg." At the close of the same year he removed to St. John's Wood, where he now and then gave cosy little dinner parties to his literary friends. We meet him in the July of '42 at a dinner given to Mr. Dickens, at which he was to have presided, but modestly gave way, on plea of ill-health, in favour of Captain Marryat. Among the company were Monckton Milnes, Charles and Tom Landseer, Barry Cornwall, Ingoldsby (Barham), Cruikshank, Father Prout, Ainsworth, and others. The dinner went off happily. Dickens made a speech in which he hinted the great advantage of going to America for the pleasure of coming back again; Ingoldsby chanted a Robin Hood ballad; Cruikshank sang a comical burlesque; Father Prout sang the "Deep, deep sea," in a "deep deep voice;" a Manchester friend of Ainsworth sang a Manchester ditty, so full of trading stuff, as Hood remarked, that it really seemed to have been, *not composed*, but manufactured, and everybody seemed *quite at home in dining out*. Upon his own health being drunk, Hood explained that a certain trembling of his hand was not from palsy or ague, but an inclination to shake itself with every one present.

Meanwhile, he was working merrily, and on his health and fortune improving paid a second visit to Scotland, when he met William Chambers, and passed some happy hours with Blackwood, Moir, and Lord Jeffrey. Unfortunately, it was vacation time in the University, and he had not the good fortune to meet Professor Wilson and Napier, but on the whole he was greatly pleased with the land of his fathers. In the Christmas number of *Punch* for 1843 appeared the "Song of the Shirt." For the first time, Hood really caught the ear of the world as a singer. The song went straight to the heart of the nation — it was copied into every paper, the verses

were on every tongue, and little boys sang it in the streets. Hood's connexion with the "New Monthly" soon ceased, and he started a Magazine of his own, entitled "Hood's Magazine," which appeared on January 1st, 1844. His new speculation promised well; the list of contributors comprised most of the well-known literary men of the day, and the magazine had a large sale, yet owing to failure of funds on the proprietor's part it came to a sudden end. So great was the esteem in which Hood was held by his friends, that many of them came forward at this juncture, and offered him their services gratuitously. Mrs. S. C. Hall, at that time an entire stranger, offered to send him sketches for his Magazine, only stipulating that she should name her own terms, the payment to be "the pleasure she would feel in assisting, however humbly, in the success of his periodical, as a tribute of veneration to the author of the "Song of the Shirt." Nor was the failure of the Magazine the only blow. His own health gave way under these vexations, never to return. Yet, in the midst of all his troubles and illness—like a nightingale singing in the stormy dark—he composed many of his best songs; the "Haunted House," the "Lady's Dream," "The Labourer's Lay," and "The Bridge of Sighs," having appeared in rapid succession. Towards the end of the year the clouds lifted momentarily. Sir Robert Peel proposed that a yearly pension of 100*l.* should be conferred on him. The pension was granted, but came too late. The brave heart that had kept up so long, and made a very music of its sadness, at last gave in. The Christmas number of the Magazine had come out, sparkling with fun and merriment; "Mrs. Peek's Pudding," and its grotesque illustrations, afforded seasonable Christmas amusement at every fireside but its author's. His family knew too well the state of his health to enjoy his jokes. He was so ill that he did not even attempt to be cheerful, but growing silent as he felt the shadows of the unseen steal over him, he prepared to meet his end. On Christmas Day he crawled into his little dressing-room for a few hours, that his family might be cheered on that day at least by signs of returning health; but it was a painful mockery of enjoyment. Shortly after he rallied once more at the call of the January number of the Magazine, and with the determination to die in harness, wrote some of his best sketches propped up in bed. At the beginning of the year '45 he was so sure of his end, and withal

so resigned, that he wrote farewells to his most intimate friends. "Among these," writes his son, "one to the late Dr. Moir (better known as  $\Delta$ ) is so touching and simple, and so characteristic of his patience and resignation," that we cannot help quoting it:—

"DEAR MOIR,—God bless you and yours, and good-bye! I drop these few lines as in a bottle from a ship water-logged, and on the brink of foundering, being in the last stage of dropsical debility; but, though suffering in body, serene in mind. So, without reversing my union-jack, I await my last lurch. Till which, believe me, dear Moir,

"Yours most truly,

"THOMAS HOOD."

In the February number of his Magazine appeared the last verses poor Hood ever wrote—verses worthy of a dying poet:—

"STANZAS.

"Farewell Life! my senses swim;  
And the world is growing dim;  
Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
Like the advent of the night,—  
Colder, colder, colder still,  
Upward steals a vapour chill —  
Strong the earthly odour grows —  
I smell the Mould above the Rose!

"Welcome Life! the spirit strives!  
Strength returns, and hope revives;  
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
Fly like shadows at the morn,—  
O'er the earth there comes a bloom —  
Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
Warm perfume for vapours cold,  
I smell the Rose above the Mould!"

We shall never forget, wrote his children, one night, when his mind was wandering, his repeating the lovely lines by Lady Nairn:—

"I'm wearin' awa', 'Jean, [his own wife's name]  
Like snow wreaths in thaw, Jean!  
I'm wearin' awa' —  
To the land o' the leal!  
But weep na, my ain Jean,—  
The world's cares are vain, Jean,  
We'll meet and aye be fa'in  
In the land o' the leal!"

Even in his last moments, in a letter to Sir R. Peel, he advocated the cause of humanity, and expressed his sorrow not at dying, but at his inability to do anything to lessen the moral gulf that separates the rich and poor—a gulf which some of his own writings might seem tended to widen. All that affection could prompt, or science do for him was done. Dickens and Ward, with other literary friends, proffered him

their assistance. Game, fruit, and wine came from unknown hands, and among other touching proofs of esteem, was an envelope enclosing a bank note for 20*l.*, and these words in a feigned hand:—

“A SHIRT,

“And a sincere wish for health.”

A stranger sent his coachman daily to lift the invalid to his easy-chair, and a lady sent violets from the country, on hearing that he loved their odour. All was of no avail. Spring came with her quiet balm and beauty, and just when the flowers were struggling into blossom, and Nature was astir with life, the man who had loved her so well, and embalmed her praises in choicest verse, passed away for ever.

As the last hour came the dying poet kissed his children, and clasping his wife's hand said, “Remember, Jane, I forgive all—all, as I hope to be forgiven.” He lay for some time peacefully, breathing slowly and with difficulty. His wife bending over him heard him say faintly, “O Lord! say ‘Arise, take up thy cross and follow me!’” His last words were, “Dying, dying!” as if glad to realize the rest implied in them. He then sank into what seemed a deep slumber, which lasted till Friday, and at noon on Saturday, May 3rd, 1845, he breathed his last without a struggle or a sigh.

His funeral was private and quiet, and the weary brain that had given to the world so many pleasant pages and immortal songs, lay still for ever 'neath the sod of Kensal Green Cemetery.

We shall conclude this hasty sketch of the life of one of the truest, kindest, and manliest characters in history, with the exquisite Sonnet in which Hood draws a parallel between the False Poets and the True:—

“Look, how the lark soars upward and is gone,  
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky!  
His voice is heard, but body there is none  
To fix the vague excursions of the eye,  
So, poets' songs are with us, though they die  
Obscured and hid by death's oblivious shroud,  
And earth inherits the rich melody,  
Like raining music from the morning cloud.  
Yet, few there be who pipe so sweet and loud,  
Their voices reach us through the lapse of  
space,

The noisy day is deafened by a crowd  
Of undistinguished birds, a twittering race;  
But only lark and nightingale forlorn  
Fill up the silences of night and morn.”

Thomas Hood was the prince of wits. His nature was so steeped in the choicest spirit of humour that it continually bub-

bled over in quip and jest, like a cool spring welling up in desert places. He was the magician of words, ruling language with a despotic sway, and by a wave of his wand compelling it to perform the strangest transformations. His style is as simple and earnest as possible. The words are mostly common Saxon words with which every one is familiar, but they are chosen with exquisite taste. Hood spoke like a child—artlessly, naturally, yet with what wisdom and wit, and “tears and laughter for all times!” The popularity of his humorous writings is very wonderful if we bear in mind the evanescent character of wit, and especially that form of wit which we call “punning.” A flash, a sudden contrast, a laugh, and all is over; the heartiness of our laughter being in proportion to the suddenness of our surprise, and we can only be surprised once. The best joke misses fire on repetition. Like champagne, its virtue escapes in the effervescence. Yet for all this Hood's works are more widely read, and more generally admired now than ever. Wherein, then, lies the secret of their popularity? Other comic books grow stale; time robs them of their flavour and steals their charms, but “Hood's Own” is as fresh to-day as when it first appeared. The secret lies in this. Through all Hood's comicalities there is an under-current of truth, of fresh child-like humour, and, paradoxical as it may appear, an intense spirit of sad earnestness. This man, who was wont to tickle the world into laughter, was yet not always merry himself. His tears were as often tears of pain as of joy, and he put on a sunny face at times to hide from his friends the agony which too frequently gnawed within. With all his modesty, too, Hood was conscious—as no great man can help being conscious—of his great powers, and their partial though necessary misapplication. He felt that he was meant to be something better than an inspired jester, and because the world refused him leisure to indulge his aspirations his soul fretted silently. His writings, bristling with merriment, his comic sketches, his inimitable puns, were but the by-play of a noble soul. For though—

“His wit was like Ithuriel's spear,  
Yet 'twas mere lightning from the cloud of his  
life  
Which held at heart most rich and blessed rain  
Of tears melodious, that are worlds of love;  
And rainbows, that would bridge from earth to  
heaven;  
And light, that should have shone like Joshua's  
sun,



Above our long death-grapple with the wrong;  
And thunder-voices, with their words of fire,  
To melt the slave's chain and the tyrant's  
crown.

His wit? — a kind smile just to hearten us!  
Rich foam-wreaths on the waves of lavish life,  
That flasht o'er precious pearls and golden  
sands."

His real work lay in another direction, and it was only because he had hungry mouths to fill, and a family to support, that he so often wore the jester's cap and bells. 'His flashes of humour were not unfrequently only the outcome of a mind ill at ease, and seeking escape from its pain — the spendruff of his soul's agony.'

The world discovered his wealth of wit, and regardless of the author, insisted on drawing on it; more willing, as it ever is, to pay highly for what would make it laugh, than for what would make it think and weep. What could poor Hood do? He knew that he was meant for other and nobler work, but the public, and in consequence the publishers, would have it; and in the background were near ones and dear ones needing to be fed and clothed. Yet how worthily he fulfilled his task! It is hard to exaggerate the temptation which a writer, who is constantly expected to write wittily, must often have to overstep the limits of good taste. Yet in all Hood's writings there is not a line which one would hesitate to read aloud in the family circle. The main feature of his humour is its perfect ease and naturalness. His best jokes are so intensely simple it is often difficult to detect them at once. He tells his stories with so grave a face, that the rogue imposes on us for a moment. What could be simpler, for instance, than the following straightforward matter-of-fact statement? —

"And Christians love in the turf to lie,  
Not in watery graves to be;  
Nay, the very fishes would sooner die  
On the land than in the sea."

So inextricably were the lines of tragedy and comedy interwoven in the web of his mind that even his most serious poems have sometimes a half grotesque appearance. An occasional verse or phrase or line reminds us very remotely of the laughing face which so often lurks behind the mask, and we sometimes pause to ask ourselves is it indeed the mask or the face. His genius was so constantly hovering between the two that it is not very easy at times to say which it meant to favour.

Let us take this to ourselves, and when we grow querulous, and fret because of some little grief or passing pain, call to

mind how this brave heart kept on singing and making merry in the midst of trials such as it falls to the lot of few of us to encounter.

Sickness in Hood's case becomes the subject of the most side-splitting fun, and his rare wit can extract pleasure even from the gout. At one time, on the sudden cessation of a violent blood-spitting, he writes in the inevitable P.S.—"Can my spitting blood have ceased because I have none left? What a subject for a German Romance, 'The Bloodless Man!'" On another occasion, on being asked to deliver a lecture on "The Pleasures and Advantages of Literature," by the directors of the Manchester Athenæum, being prevented from acceding to their request, through ill-health, he wrote them as follows:—

"Poisoned by the malaria of the Dutch marshes, my stomach for many months resolutely set itself against fish, flesh, or fowl; my appetite had no more edge than the German knife placed before me.\* But luckily the mental palate and digestion were still sensible and vigorous; and whilst I passed untasted every dish at the Rhenish table d'hôte, I could still enjoy my "Peregrine Pickle," and the Feast after the manner of the Ancients. There was no yearning towards calf's head à la tortue, or sheep's heart; but I could still relish Head à la Brunnen, and the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian.' . . . Denied beef, I had Bulwer and Cowper; forbidden mutton, there was Lamb; and, in lieu of pork, the great Bacon, or Hogg. Then, as to beverage; it was hard, doubtless, for a Christian to set his face, like a Turk against the juice of the grape. But eschewing wine, I had still my Butler, and in the absence of liquor, all the Choice Spirits, from Tom Brown to Tom Moore. . . . Of evils, great and small, Providence has allotted me a full share; but still, paradoxical as it may sound, my burthen has been greatly lightened by a load of books. Everybody has heard of the two Kilkenny cats, who devoured each other; but it is not so generally known, that they left behind them an orphan kitten, which, true to its breed, began to eat itself up, till it was diverted from the operation by a mouse. Now the human mind, under vexation, is like that kitten; for it is apt to prey upon itself, unless drawn off by a new object, and none better for the purpose than a book. For example, one of DeFoe's: for who in reading his thrilling 'History of the Great Plague,' would not be reconciled to a few little ones?"

Children and dogs are proverbially fond of good men, and with both Hood was a great favourite. Like Shelley in many things, he resembled him in this, that he never outgrew his boyhood. He delighted

\* German knives have better edges now-a-days.



in contriving all sorts of puzzles wherewith to amuse the little ones, and his appearance in their midst was invariably the signal for noisy happiness. "He stole into their hearts," as an eloquent writer has it, "on all fours." He—whose word commanded the ear of the world—could yet adapt his thoughts and language to the comprehension of the youngest, and write just such a letter as a child might write if a child had only Hood's wit. Witness those exquisitely charming letters of his to his friend Doctor Elliott's children. In a letter to the youngest he writes:—

"MY DEAR MAY,—I promised you a letter, and here it is. I was sure to remember it, for you are as hard to forget as you are soft to roll down a hill with. What fun it was! only so prickly I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket and a hedgehog in the other. The next time before we kiss the earth we will have its face shaved. I get no rolling at St. John's Wood. Tom and Fanny only like roll and butter; and as for Mrs. Hood, she is for rolling in money. Tell Dinnie that Tom has set his trap in the balcony, and caught a cold; and tell Jeannie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden, but it has not come up yet. I hope we shall have a merry Christmas. I mean to come in my most ticklesome waistcoat, and to laugh till I grow fat, or at least streaky. Fanny is to be allowed a glass of wine; Tom's mouth is to have a hole holiday, and Mrs. Hood is to sit up to supper. There will be such doings, and such things to eat! but pray, pray, pray mind they don't boil the baby by mistake for a plump pudding."

The next quotations are from letters written to the children at the sea-side:—

"MY DEAR JEANNIE,—So you are at Sandgate! If you should catch a big crab, with long claws, and like experiments, you can shut him up in a cupboard with a loaf of sugar, and see whether he will break it with his nippers. Besides crabs, I used to find jelly-fish on the beach, made, it seemed to me, of sea calves' feet, and no sherry. There were star-fish also, but they did not shine till they were stinking. I hope you like the sea! I always did when I was a child, which was about two years ago. Sometimes it makes such a fizzing and foaming I wonder some of our London cheats do not bottle it up and sell it for ginger pop. When the sea is too rough, if you pour the sweet oil out of the cruet all over it, and wait for a calm, it will be quite smooth—much smoother than a dressed salad. Some time ago exactly there used to be large white birds, with black-tipped wings, that went flying and screaming over the sea. Do you ever see such birds? We used to call them 'gulls,' but they didn't mind it.

"Well, how happy you must be! Childhood is such a joyous, merry time, and I often wish I was two or three children! and wouldn't

I pull off my three pairs of shoes and socks, and go paddling in the sea up to my six knees. And oh! how I should climb up the downs and roll down the ups on my three backs and stomachs!"

But it is in the letter to the youngest that we have the finest flashes of imagination:—

"MY DEAR MAY,—How do you like the sea? Not much, perhaps; it's 'so big.' But shouldn't you like a nice little ocean that you could put into a pan?

"Have the waves ever run after you yet, and turned your little two shoes into pumps full of water? Have you been bathed yet in the sea, and were you afraid? I was the first time, and, dear me! how I kicked and screamed! or at least meant to scream, but the sea, ships and all, began to run into my mouth, and so I shut up. Did you ever try, like a little crab, to run two ways at once? See if you can do it, for it is good fun; never mind tumbling over yourself a little at first. It would be a good plan to hire a little crab for an hour a day to teach baby to crawl if he can't walk, and if I was his mamma I would too! Bless him! But I must not write on him any more, he is so soft, and I have nothing but steel pens. And now good bye! The last fair breeze I blew dozens of kisses for you, but the wind changed and, I am afraid, took them all to Miss H—, or somebody that it shouldn't."

Hood's fame as a wit has hurt his reputation as a poet. For every ten who can appreciate his puns there is not one who can appreciate his poetry. Men are slow to believe that a man who could joke so well could succeed in aught else, forgetting that sorrow and joy, gravity and wit, are but the complements of each other.

Hood's mind was steeped in the spirit of Elizabethan literature. In his verse we catch once more the echo of a bygone age; the fresh, quaint flavour of times when thought was simpler; the strong, clear, tinkling language of a people who spoke their mind. His verse is clear and ringing as a bell; it falls on the ear like pleasant music, not a note is out of tune. At times—especially in his early poems—we light on some pretty conceit or affectation, reminding us of Herbert or Quarles, but generally his language is strong and simple. The terseness of his lines not unfrequently reminds one of Shakespeare, and his "Hero and Leander" has got the true Spenserian ring. His poetry, like his heart, was fresh:—

"His hymns, bright-noted as a bird's,  
Arousing these song-sleepy times  
With rhapsodies of perfect words,  
Ruled by returning kiss of rhymes."

We have left ourselves no space in which to criticise his poems seriatim, but would recommend to the perusal of our readers the "Plea for the Midsummer Fairies," that exquisite poem of fairyland, "Miss Kilmansegg," and the "Haunted House," one of the most perfect pictures of still life to be found in our poetry. But what, after all, was Hood's sublimest poem was his life, and the noble place he occupies in the van of that great army of the poor that, always swelling, marches grandly on to ever-increasing victories over prejudice and sin. The simple record of Tom Hood's life by his children is a nobler monument even than that erected to his memory in Kensal Green Cemetery by a sorrowing nation. Hood's life, as has been finely said of Sir Philip Sidney's, was poetry put in action—

"Not a lyric sudden flashing from the frenzy of the strife,

But an Epic swelling grandly onward to the close of life:

Noble Epic! but the prelude of a nobler song to come,

That shall peal when all the nations of the universe are dumb."

It has been maintained with some show of justice that poets, because of their keener sensibilities and finer tastes, are necessarily thin-skinned. They are more keenly alive than, ordinary mortals to joyous as to saddening influences. "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" that fall back blunted from the thicker hides of their neighbours, sting theirs with an exquisite pain. That this is at best but a half-truth the life of Tom Hood sufficiently proves by showing that a man may combine the most delicate fancy, the tenderest heart, and the most perfect wit, with a strong, healthy contempt of danger, a sturdy perseverance in the face of odds, a fearless heart that never knows defeat, a happy nature that, ever welling up through sorrow and pain, keeps fresh and cool the dusty paths of life. In him were united the intellect of a man, the heart of a child, the glowing fancy and airy imagination of the poet, and the practical common sense of a man of business. The world was to him but one large family, of which his own was the central point, from which his sympathies radiated to every part. Beyond an amiable weakness for titles (characteristic also of the ploughman-poet of Scotland) and a slight tendency to sentimental sensationalism which tinges some of his best poems, we can find little to blame in Hood, unless it be the aimlessness of much of his wit,

and the folly of frittering away his powers in pun and jest, and this, as we have said above, was not so much his as the public's fault.

To such of our readers as may think this praise extravagant we can only say "study his life for yourselves!" However much we may admire Hood as a man and a humorist, his claims on the suffrages of the future rest on surer and higher grounds. His life, though noble, would have been forgotten; his stories of wit and humour, his comical wood-cuts and side-splitting ballads would in a century or more have been quietly swept aside, had he not arisen at a critical moment to give voice to the inarticulate cry of wretchedness, ignorance, and want, and gather up in one sublime Hymn and direct aright the hazy sentimentalism and ill-directed philanthropy that were floating about in society. While some were discussing Utopian schemes for the social reform of distant savages, forgetting that charity begins at home; and others, disheartened by the awful mass of wretchedness and sin that festered daily before their eyes, folded their arms and looked sadly on in a dumb despair,—this man went straight to the root of the matter, and by a divine instinct succeeded in touching the great common heart that underlies all distinctions of caste and social and political differences.

Finally, Hood was not one of those men of commanding intellect who arise but once or twice at most in a nation's history. He did not signalize himself by being the first to climb the slippery steeps of Pisgab, and catch sublime glimpses of the promised land with which to gladden the heart of the world. He is no cold unapproachable idol of the intellect—to be worshipped from afar with awe and trembling. Rather is he enshrined amid the Lares and Penates of our hearts—our household favourites—our Charley Lambs and Sir Philip Sidneys; a kind, genial, honest-hearted man of genius, whom one feels it is good to know and pleasant to remember, whose laugh has a hearty ring wherewith to blow away the cobwebs of sorrow and care, and the shake of whose hand does one's heart good. There have been three or four greater writers in our nation's history, and a few more as great, but there has been no one whose noble efforts on behalf of the poor, the outcast, and the sinning, will serve to embalm his memory and his works in a kindlier affection and regard than Thomas Hood, "the darling of the English heart."

## \* CHAPTER XXXVI.

REXOW was quiet. That means the day-laborers, Frau Nüssler and Rudolph; young Jochen and young Banschan were not so well off. Young Banschan had taken a stroll through the cow-shed, and had observed there, under the care of old Flasskopf, the cow-herd, a droll little beast, which seemed to him almost like a photograph of himself, and was also named Banschan; he could remember, from his childish years, the circumstances under which he had succeeded Banschan the sixth upon the Rexow throne, and he at last came upon the gloomy thought that this copy of himself, so carefully brought up on sweet milk, by Jochen Flasskopf, was in training for some high destiny, and might possibly, under the name of Banschan the eighth, be his own successor; it would be in accordance with the times. He was greatly troubled, and could not decide what to do, whether, under the pretext that he could not accommodate himself to the times, and preferred to associate Banschan the eighth with himself, under the title of co-regent, he should share with him the rule of Rexow; or whether he should treat him as a pretender, eat up his sweet milk, put fleas in his skin, and drive him out of the Rexow country, in short, declare war against him.

He kept watch of Jochen, to see what should be the upshot of the matter; but young Jochen, in these days, had enough to think about in his own affairs, he also was in the greatest agitation, and the times were so bad, that these two old friends were no longer united, but were agitated from wholly different causes; Banschan looked upon a pretender to the crown as a great nuisance, Jochen positively wished for one; Banschan looked with great disgust upon a private condition, with gnawed bones, which he could no longer bite; Jochen looked upon it as a golden cup, which Mining should fill for him with coffee in the morning, mother with strong beer at noon, and chocolate in the evening, and, when Bräsig was there, with punch; he wished to be rid of the sovereignty, especially in such times as these, when one could not smoke his pipe in peace. He always read the "Rostock Times," but always threw it aside with vexation, saying to his wife, "Mother, they say nothing yet about the geese."

He imagined he was counted all over the country as a hard-hearted master, because, upon Rudolph's advice, he had exchanged the geese his day-laborers were

accustomed to raise for a good piece of money, and he considered it the sacred obligation of the "Rostock Times," which he had read now for over forty years, to take his part on the goose question. And in my opinion, the "Rostock Times" might very well have done so, but they may have forgotten the matter, or possibly never heard of it at all. But he came near going distracted over it; if two girls stood together chattering about their cap-ribbons, he believed they were talking about the fact that no goose-eggs had been set in Rexow that year, and if two day-laborers, threshing oats on the barn-floor, talked about their wages, he thought they were grumbling, because they had no geese at harvest-time, to eat the oats. He could not accommodate himself to these new times, and new methods of farming, and was positively decided to rule no longer; Banschan, on the contrary, was quite unwilling to abdicate, and so, between these two old friends, the egg was broken, and the bond was severed.

Frau Nüssler was, in spite of these wild times, very quiet, as I have said; but Jochen's condition made her anxious, and she often looked out for Bräsig. "I cannot imagine," she said to Rudolph, "why Bräsig does not come. He has nothing in the world to do, yet he does not look after me at all."

"Well, mother," said Rudolph, "you know what he is; if he has nothing to do, he makes something to do. However, he is coming to-morrow."

"How do you know that?"

"Well, mother," said Rudolph, hesitating a little, "I was over in our rye this morning, near the Gurlitz boundary, and I ran over to the parsonage a minute; he was there, and he will come to-morrow."

"Rudolph, you are not to go running over there so, I will not have it; when I go with you on Sundays, that is another thing. There you go chattering and chattering, and putting all sorts of nonsense about weddings and marriage into Mining's head, and nothing can come of it yet."

"Eh, mother, if we don't get married before long, we shall both be old and cold."

"Rudolph," said Frau Nüssler, as she left the room, "what is to become, then, of Jochen and me? We are still young, and able to work, shall we be laid on the shelf?"

"Well," said Rudolph to himself, when she had gone out, "you are not so very young, after all. These old people can

[\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Littell & Gay, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.]

give themselves no rest! The old man might be willing, but the old woman would work three young ones dead. Well, Bräsig is coming to-morrow; I will have Bräsig on my side."

And Bräsig came. "Good morning! Sit still, Jochen! Well, have you had a little rebellion here, already?"

"Eh!" said Jochen, smoking furiously, "what shall I do about it, Banschan?" for he must ask Banschan, since Bräsig was already out of the room, and calling after Frau Nüssler.

"Good gracious, Bräsig!" said she, drying her hands on her apron, for she had washed them hastily, not wishing to offer him a pair of doughy hands, for she had just been kneading bread, "why do you never come near us, and in these dreadful times? How is my brother Karl?"

"'Bonus!' as the Herr Advocate Rein says, or 'bong' as the greyhound says, or he is doing well, as I say; only that he is always thinking of the destruction of his honest name, and the separation of his little Louise from Franz, and these inward wounds injure him, in every relation, so that he will have nothing to do with the Reformverein, and Parliament, and political matters."

"Thank God!" said Frau Nüssler, "I know my brother Karl well enough to be sure he would have nothing to do with such fool's play."

"Frau Nüssler," said Bräsig, drawing himself up before his old sweetheart, "you have spoken a very serious word, as Rector Baldrian said, lately, when we were talking about the potato-land of the day-laborers; but one must look well to his words, in these days,—they have already turned Kurz out,—and I am really a member of the Reformverein at Rahnstadt, and have no pleasure in 'fool's play.'"

"Well, I believe you will turn me out of my own kitchen yet!" said Frau Nüssler, putting her hands on her sides.

"Did I say that?" asked Bräsig. "They have turned out Ludwig Philippe, they have turned out the Bavarian Ludwig, they have turned out Ludwig Kurz; is your name Ludwig? No, I came here to look after you, and if anything breaks out here, then I will come with the Reformverein, and with the Burgher-guard,—we have all got pikes, and some of us flint-locks,—and we will protect you."

"Do you think I will have people coming into my house, with pikes and muskets?" cried Frau Nüssler. "You may tell your infamous pack, they must first provide themselves with an extra set of

arms and legs, for those they have now would get broken here."

With that, she turned away, went into her buttery, and locked the door behind her. Yes, it was a sad time! even between this honest old pair, the devil had sowed his weeds, and when Bräsig had stood a little while before the buttery door, as Banschan often did, he felt very much like Banschan when he was turned out, and he went back to the living-room with a down-cast air, and said to Jochen, "Yes, these are truly bad times! And you sit there, and never stir hand nor foot? And the rebellion has broken out in your own house!"

"Yes, Bräsig, I know, said Jochen. "That is on account of the geese; but what can I do about it? Bräsig, help yourself to a little kümmel!"—and he pointed with his foot to the lowest shelf in the cup-board,— "there is the bottle."

Bräsig approved of a little kümmel. Then he placed himself at the window, and looked out at the weather, and as the spring wind drove the April showers across the sky, and then the sun shone out again, so all sorts of dark stormy thoughts chased through his head: "How?" said he, "shall all that come to an end? She thrusts me away, when I would help her?" and then again the sun shone out, but with a brief and mocking glance, which gave no warmth, and he laughed: "Ha, ha! I wish I could see her fighting against the Rahnstadt Burgher-guard, with the tailor Wimmersdorf at the head, and the shrewd old dyer, with his 'Meins wegens;' how they would scatter!"

Rudolph passed through the yard, and seeing Bräsig at the window, came in, as he wished to speak to him.

"Good day, Uncle Bräsig!"

"Good day, Rudolph. Well, how goes it? I mean with the day-laborers. All quiet?"

"Oh, yes! Nobody has made any disturbance as yet."

"You shall see, about the geese," interposed young Jochen.

"Eh, father, never mind the geese!" said Rudolph.

"What is it about the confounded geese?" inquired Bräsig.

"Oh, nothing," said Rudolph. "You see, last year, I got so provoked, first with keeping them in bounds, then with their plucking the grass in the meadow, and afterward they got into the grain, so I called all the laborers together, and promised every one four thalers, at harvest, if he would give up the goose business, and

they accepted the offer, and now father has got it into his head that the people consider him a tyrant, and that a rebellion will break out, on account of the old geese."

"You shall see, Rudolph, the geese —"

"Good gracious!" cried Frau Nüssler, coming into the room, "always at the geese!" and, throwing herself into a chair, she put her apron to her face, and began to weep bitterly.

"Good heavens, mother, what is the matter?" exclaimed Rudolph, running up to her. "What has disturbed you so?"

"What shall I do about it?" asked Jochen, and he also stood up.

Bräsig was going to say something, but restrained himself, for he knew better than the others what was going on in Frau Nüssler's heart; he turned to the window, elevated his eyebrows, and stared out stiffly at the April weather. Frau Nüssler sprang up, dried her eyes, pushed Rudolph and Jochen aside, — rather hastily, — went right up to Bräsig, throw her arms about him, and said, "Bräsig, I know you meant it all right; I won't break anybody's arms and legs."

"Oh, Frau Nüssler!" cried Bräsig, and the April showers and sunshine were reflected in his eyes, for his whole face laughed, while his eyes were dropping tears, "Tailor Wimmersdorf and the old crafty dyer, 'Meins wegens,' may get their deserts from you, for all I care."

"What does this mean?" cried Rudolph.

"I will tell you," said Bräsig, gently freeing himself from Frau Nüssler's arms, and taking her by the hand. "It means, that you have a real angel for a mother-in-law. Not one of the kind that you see at the balls, and promenading the streets of Rahnstadt. No! but an actual angel, out of the Old Testament, such a valiant, brave old angel, who is not afraid of the devil himself, contending in a good cause, and can put you, sir, in her pocket, three times over!" and he looked at Rudolph, as if he was the cause of all Frau Nüssler's distress.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Rudolph, "I have done nothing!" and he looked at Jochen, and Jochen looked at Banschan; but Banschan didn't know, and Jochen didn't know, and Rudolph cried out, "I truly have not the least idea —"

"There is no necessity that you should," said Bräsig, and turned abruptly to Jochen; "and you, young Jochen, with your confounded goose-business, you will bring your whole household into a dangerous

revolution. You had better sit down, and keep quiet, and you, Rudolph, come with me, I will make a brief examination of your management, and see what you have learned with Hilgendorf."

That was a suitable employment for Jochen, and Rudolph obtained a fine opportunity to urge Uncle Bräsig's assistance in his plans for a speedy marriage. It is possible that both of these reflections had occurred to Bräsig.

In the afternoon, Fritz Triddelsitz came riding up the yard. This time, he was mounted on a dapple-gray, which had a most singular gait, in front, he stepped out like a man, and as a general thing, went on only three legs; from which one may perceive, that nature, in her intelligent way, often creates superfluities; for instance, the tail of a puischer,\* the ears of a mastiff, and the left hind-leg of a schreiber koppel. Fritz's dapple-gray was not handsome to look at, particularly when he was in motion; but he was a courteous beast, he bowed all along the street, and he harmonized with Fritz, for he had grown very courteous, with his nobleman, and when some of his comrades joked him about his dapple-gray, he laughed in his sleeve: "You blockheads! I have profited finely by my trading, with the chestnut mare for the black, the black for the brown, and the brown for the dapple-gray; I have made money every time by the bargain." The dapple-gray came very courteously up the Rexow yard, Fritz dismounted courteously, entered the house courteously, and courteously said, "Good day!"

"Mother," said young Jochen, "help Herr Triddelsitz," — for they were just sitting down to coffee.

"God preserve us!" thought Bräsig, "and is he called 'Herr' already?"

Fritz took off his overcoat, pulled something out of his pocket, and sat down to the table, laying down by his coffee-cup a pair of revolvers, which were just coming into use.

"Herr," cried Bräsig, "are you possessed with a devil? What are you doing with those infernal shooting-machines among the coffee-cups?"

Frau Nüssler got up quietly, took the two pistols in one hand, and the tea-kettle in the other, poured hot water into the barrels, and said, very considerably:

"So! they won't go off, now!"

"For God's sake!" cried Fritz, "the only protection that we have —"

\* Species of dog.



"Herr," interposed Bräsig, "do you think you are in a den of robbers, here at young Jochen's?"

"The whole world is a den of robbers now," said Fritz, "the Herr von Rambow said that very distinctly yesterday, in his speech to the day-laborers; and therefore I have been obliged to go to Rahnstadt, and buy these two revolvers,—one is for him,—we will defend ourselves to the last drop of our blood."

Frau Nüssler looked at Bräsig, and laughed a little bashfully; Bräsig laughed heartily: "And with these things, and with a speech from Herr von Rambow, you expect to stop the mouths of the day-laborers, and turn them to other thoughts?"

"Yes, we mean to do it; my gracious Herr has spoken well to the people; he will govern them mildly, but firmly, they may rely upon that."

"Well, it is all as true as leather," interrupted Jochen.

"You are right, this time, Jochen; the tanning must be according to the leather, but the young nobleman is not the man, you shall see, to treat the timid with mildness, and the fainthearted with firmness."

"And he has made another speech?" asked young Jochen.

"A capital one!" cried Fritz. "How in the world he does it, I cannot imagine."

"That is of no consequence," said Bräsig, "but what do the day-laborers say to their expectations?"

"That pack," said Fritz, who had learned something besides politeness from his master, "are not worth their salt, for, as I was crossing the yard afterwards, they were standing in groups together, and I heard them talking about 'flatterers,' and 'gee and haw management' —"

"They meant that for you," said Bräsig, grinning.

"Yes, only think of it!" said Fritz innocently. "And in the afternoon, five of them came to the Herr, just the ones I had thought the most reasonable of all, and old Flegel, the wheelwright, was the spokesman, and said they had been informed that Herr Pomuchelskopp had given his people an advance, and had promised them more potato-land, and other things besides, but they would say nothing about that, for they had never been so badly off as the Gurlitz people, and they were contented with what they got: but they were not contented with the way they were treated, for they were blamed unjustly, and scolded when they did not deserve it, and they

were driven back and forth, from the yard to the fields, so that they had no idea what they were to do, and it would be the best thing for the Herr von Rambow to let me go, for I did not understand how to manage the farm or superintend the people, I was too young. And if they might make a request, it was this, that they might have their old Inspector Habermann back again. Now, just think of it, such a set!"

"Hm!" said Bräsig, grinning all over his face. "Well, what did the young Herr say?"

"Oh, he blew them a fine blast, and told them if *he* were contented with me,—and then he motioned toward me, whereupon I made a courteous bow,—then his masters the day-laborers might very well be contented also. You see, that old fellow, Johann Egel, stepped up,—you know him, he is one of the oldest, with the white hair,—and said they were not *masters*, no one knew that better than they, and in coming to him as their master, they had acted from good intentions, and not because they wished to use hard words. The Herr von Rambow was master, and he could do it or not, as he pleased."

"He is a devilish cunning old fellow," said Bräsig, grinning more than ever.

"Yes, only think of it! But that was not all, by a long way; the butt end came afterwards. Towards evening, I noticed one after another of the day-laborers going to the riding-stables, and as I knew that Krischan Däsel, our groom, had a pique against me, I thought, 'What can be going on there?' and I went into the stables, and there is a hole between the riding-stable and the other stables, and I could hear Krischan Däsel exciting the others."

"That is to say," interrupted Bräsig, "that you listened a little."

"Why, yes," replied Fritz.

"Very well," said Bräsig, "go ahead!"

"Well, I must tell you. Krischan Däsel is positively bent upon marrying Fika Degel, and has been betrothed to her several years, and the Herr will not have a married groom, for he thinks a married groom would care more for his own children than he would for the colts, which is all right enough, but he will not dismiss him, either, because he thinks he does well for the beasts; though for my part, I don't agree with him. And now Krischan Däsel has got it into his head, that if he can break up the raising of thorough-breds, and do away with the paddocks, the Herr will let him marry Fika Degel, and so he



was stirring up the day-laborers to demand the paddocks for potato-land."

"Well, you ran directly to the Herr, and told him that?" inquired Bräsig.

"Of course," said Fritz, "he ought to know it beforehand, so as to be prepared for them. And when they came, and began about the paddocks and potato-land, and were of the opinion that their wives and children were just as good as the Herr's mares and foals, and ought to be cared for first, then he scolded them finely, and packed them off immediately. Krischan Däsel, of course, was paid up and sent off at once."

"Well, what does the gracious Frau say to all this?" asked Uncle Bräsig.

"Eh," said Fritz, shrugging his shoulders, "what shall I say? she says nothing to it. I don't know what has come over her. She used to greet me,—rather ceremoniously but still politely,—but now she never looks at me, ever since that stupid book-business with Marie Möller. *She* has been gone, this long time, and it is just as well, for she was an old goose; and now the gracious Frau attends to the house-keeping, herself, and, I must say, she is a good housekeeper, although she doesn't speak to me; and Korlin Kegel says she does it only to divert her mind from other thoughts, and she often sits down, and writes letters, but tears them all up, and sits with her hands in her lap, gazing at the little gracious Fräulein. 'It is a pity,' says Korlin Kegel. 'But the house-keeping goes on all right, and without any scolding and storming round; no, so it shall be, and so it is done. If she only had a friend or a companion,' says Korlin Kegel,—well it is none of my business,—and he has no friends either."

"But it is some of my business," cried Frau Nüssler, springing up, "and I will go and see her to-morrow, and you, Jochen, may as well go also and see that poor, foolish young man, and advise him for his good; such times as these should bring neighbors together."

"Yes, mother," said Jochen, "what shall I do about it? And then this old goose-business here; but Gottlieb and Lining—"

"To be sure," cried Frau Nüssler, "he helped them to their living, and we must not forget it of him."

"Well, but *he*," said Bräsig, looking like a sly old rascal, "has *he* no friends? What would the Herr Zamwell Pomuchelskopp say to that?"

"Pomuchelskopp?" said Fritz. "We have nothing more to do with *him*," bring-

ing out the word with great contempt, and bending down to Bräsig he whispered, "he has sued us, he has sent us notice for the money; I know it from Zodik, from Moses' Zodik. Yes, that pot is broken, and Slusuhr is coming constantly, now by letter, now in person; but we have got one on our side, too, the advocate Rein, do you know him?"

"Oh, yes," whispered Bräsig, "I know him, with his North pole, and Island of Ferro."

"A confoundedly smart fellow, isn't he?" asked Fritz.

"Yes indeed," said Bräsig, "he can lead people by the nose finely. But," he asked aloud, "what has the young Herr decided about the day-laborers?"

"I will tell you," said Fritz. "We have both decided to defend our lives to the last extremity, and he sent me to Rahnstadt, to get these revolvers."

"Well, and if the day-laborers come again?"

"Then we shall shoot," said Fritz.

"Right!" said Bräsig, taking one of the revolvers in his hand, and playing with it, rather absently, "but Frau Nüssler, you have made it all wet, it might get rusty," and he wiped it on his coat-tails, and went to the window, as if to examine it more closely, while Fritz, meantime, explained to Jochen Nüssler the construction of the other.

"Jochen, where is your tool-chest," asked Bräsig.

Jochen pointed, with his foot, to the lower part of the cupboard.

Fritz heard a sort of clattering behind him, and then a sharp noise, as if something hard was broken, and, as he looked round, Bräsig held out to him his revolver, without any cock, for he held that in the pincers, in the other hand: "There!"

"Thunder and lightening!" cried Fritz springing up.

"So!" said Bräsig, "now you can't shoot anybody with the thing."

"Herr, how did you dare to ruin my revolver?"

"Because you are a foolish boy, and children should not play with fire-arms."

"You are an old —"

"You want to say 'jackass'? And it is possible that I am, in meddling with you; but, Herr, I stand to you in the place of your aunt, and I have done this on her account."

"My Herr gave me orders to buy these revolvers, and I do as he tells me."

"That is all right, and here is one for your Herr; he can shoot with it, if he

pleases, he is accustomed to the business, — but you —” and as the thought of Habermann came into his mind he added, “Infamous greyhound, have you not caused misery enough already?”

Frau Nüssler came to the rescue.

“Hush! Bräsig, hush! Not a word of that! But you ought to be ashamed, Triddelsitz, to talk so lightly of shooting your fellow-creatures.”

“What!” cried Jochen, springing to his feet. “Mother, is he going to shoot people dead?”

And Banschan also sprang up, with a couple of emphatic barks, and Fritz was so confused by this combined attack on all sides, that he forgot his politeness, threw on his overcoat, thrust the mutilated revolver into his pocket, with the other, and only turned round at the door to remark, with great emphasis, that no ten horses should ever drag him over that threshold again.

“It will not be necessary,” observed Bräsig, very quietly. But if he had heard Fritz’s figures of speech, as he rode bowing along the street, on old dapple-gray, and examined his ruined revolver, he would not have been so composed, for, compared with the titles of honor which Fritz generously bestowed upon him, those of the Emperor of Austria were of no account whatever.

Fortunately he did not hear, and on the whole he did not care much that Fritz had placed the Nüsslers’ house under the ban; but he had made the discovery this morning that the oldest friendships might be broken in such times as these, and he registered a solemn vow never, under any circumstances, to retreat upon the Rexow farm, with the Bahnstadt Burgher-guard. His confounded whims often ran away with him; but his good heart kept close behind, and seized the reins directly; Strife and confusion were very far from his intentions, he really wanted nothing but joy and peace; although, by his peculiar conduct, strife and confusion were often produced.

Towards evening, when Jochen and Banschan had fallen comfortably asleep in the twilight, and it was a fine opportunity for a few sensible words, he began about Rudolph and Mining: “Frau Nüssler, there is an old proverb, that says: ‘He who loves long, his love grows old, and he who’ —”

“Leave your stupid proverbs alone, Bräsig, they are not suited to me, or to you! I know what you want to say, and I understand that this cannot go on much

longer; but what is to become of him and of me?”

“Frau Nüssler, you mean young Jochen —”

“Hush, Bräsig, name no names! You might, for all *him*,” — pointing to Jochen — “but on *his* account,” and she pointed to Banschan, “you must be very careful, for he is cleverer than all of us put together. Just see, how he pricks up his ears.”

“Hm!” said Bräsig, looking under Jochen’s chair, “truly! but that need not hinder us. Frau Nüssler, this business must come to a happy ending.”

“Yes, Bräsig, I say so, myself, every day, but only tell me, what is to become of me, and of him?” pointing again to Jochen. “When Mining and Rudolph get the control, what shall I do, what shall he do?”

“Frau Nüssler, you will have quiet days, and enjoy yourself in your descendants.”

“That may be, Bräsig, and one gets accustomed to everything, even to idleness; but look at me, with all my house-keeping I grow stouter, every day, and if I should sit still in my chair I should soon be unable to move, and be a perfect monster.”

“Frau Nüssler,” said Uncle Bräsig, standing before her, while the recollection of his youth came over him, “you were always handsome, and you always will be,” and he made a bow, and grasped her hand.

“Bräsig, that is a stupid joke!” said Frau Nüssler, drawing her hand away, “and just look at that old dog! Hasn’t he sense enough to understand it? But we are not talking about me, now; what shall become of him? I can do all sorts of handiwork; but he, if he has nothing more to do?”

“He smokes tobacco, and sleeps,” said Bräsig.

“Yes,” said she, “just at present, but he has altered fearfully, of late. I say nothing about the foolish old goose-business, for I can talk him out of that, but he has become so contrary, of late, he is always disputing, and since he has had nothing to occupy his mind, he imagines the most foolish things.”

“Jochen?” asked Bräsig, with much emphasis.

“Yes,” said Frau Nüssler, “but it is all over now. Look!”

And Bräsig, looking, saw Banschan stand up, and whisk his rough tail across Jochen’s face, a couple of times, and Jochen raised himself up, and asked, quite distinctly,

"Mother, what o'clock is it?" Then he recollected himself, and perceiving Bräsig, said, "Bräsig, that is a clever fellow, that Herr von Rambow, he has been making a speech again."

Rudolph came in then, and candles were brought, and Bräsig made a frightful grimace, across the table, at Rudolph; but it was not meant badly, it was merely confidential, and signified, "Keep perfectly quiet, rely wholly upon me, your business is going on well."

The evening passed slowly, for each had his own thoughts, and when it was bedtime Bräsig was the only one who soon fell asleep; Rudolph was thinking of Mining and the wedding, Frau Nüssler of the dreadful times of idleness which awaited her, and Jochen of the geese, and Herr von Rambow's speech. This last thought kept him waking all night, and when Frau Nüssler, towards morning, turned over on the other side, for a little nap, she saw Jochen fully dressed, going out of the door, with Banschan at his heels. That this meant something, she was sure, but what, no mortal could tell.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

YOUNG Jochen went with Young Banschan up and down the yard, and stopped frequently to rub his head, as if there were something he did not rightly understand. Banschan also stood still, looked at Jochen, wagged his tail rather doubtfully, and sank back into his own gloomy thoughts about the co-regency. Rudolph came out.

"God bless you, father, are you up already?"

"Yes, Rudolph, it is because of the old geese,"—he had something more to say, but was not quite ready with it, and Rudolph said:

"Well, father, never mind the old story; but I am glad you are up so early this morning, you can tell the bailiff what the people are to do; I did not go over to the Pumpelshagen boundary yesterday, I will run over, and see how they are getting on with the ploughing. We are to do just as we did yesterday, manuring the potato-land."

"Yes, Rudolph, but —"

"Yes, father, you will find it all right; I must hurry, to get back in time," and he was off.

Jochen walked up and down again; the day-laborers, meanwhile, were coming into the yard, and the bailiff, Kalsow, came up to Jochen.

"Kalsow," said he, "let the people all come together here, in a heap," and with

that he and Banschan went into the house. The day-laborers, the housewives, and the farm-people all stood in a group before the house, and asked, "What are we to do?"

"I don't know," said Kalsow, the bailiff.

"Well, go in and ask him then!" Kalsow went in. Young Jochen was walking up and down the room, with Banschan at his heels, for young Jochen had kept on his cap, and that was a token to Banschan that his attendance was required.

"Herr," said Kalsow, "the people are all there."

"Good!" said Jochen.

"What shall we do?" asked Kalsow.

"Wait," said Jochen.

Kalsow went out, gave the people orders, and they waited. After a little while, he came in again.

"Herr, they are waiting."

"Good!" said Jochen. "Tell them to wait a little longer, I am going to make them a speech presently."

Kalsow went back, and said they must keep waiting, the Herr would make them a speech presently.

The people waited; but, as nothing came of it, Krischan the coachman said, "Kalsow, I know him, go in and remind him of it."

So Kalsow went in again, and said, "Well, Herr, how is it about the speech?"

"Thunder and lightning!" cried Jochen, "do you suppose thoughts grow on my shoulders?"

Bailiff Kalsow was frightened; he went back to the people, saying, "That was of no use, he was angry with me; we must wait."

"God bless me!" said Frau Nüssler to herself, in her store-room, where she was putting things in order, "what does it mean, that the people are all standing before the house?" and opening the window she called out, "what are you standing here for?"

"Eh, Frau, we are standing here waiting."

"What are you waiting for?"

"Eh, Frau, we don't know; the Herr is going to make us a speech."

"Who?" asked Frau Nüssler.

"The Herr," said Kalsow.

"What is he going to make?" asked Frau Nüssler.

"A speech," said Kalsow.

"He must be going crazy," exclaimed Frau Nüssler, dropping the window, and, running in to Jochen, she seized him by the arm, and shook him, as if to bring him to his senses.

"What do you want to do? Make a speech? What are you going to make a speech about? About me, or about Rudolph and Mining?"

"Mother," said Jochen, — but he said it firmly, — "about the geese."

"God have mercy on you," said Frau Nüssler, quite beside herself, "if you say another word to me about the geese!"

"What?" cried Jochen, setting himself up, for the first time in his life, against his wife. "Cannot I make a speech? They all make speeches, Herr von Rambow makes speeches, Pomuchelskopp, Bräsig talks in the Reform-what? am I not good enough?" — and he brought down his fist on the table, — "wife, am I not master? And shall I not talk about my geese?"

Frau Nüssler turned quite pale, stood there stiffly, looking Jochen in the eye, but said not a word, pressed one hand against her heart, and felt with the other after the door-latch behind her, and when she found it opened the door, and went out backwards, still with her eyes fastened upon Jochen, — as a lion-tamer does, when he sees that the beast has lost its respect for him. But, when she was outside, she threw herself down on a bench in the hall, and began to cry and sob terribly. Yes, the year 1848 was a dreadful year, no government was secure; even in this, open revolt had broken out.

Bräsig came down stairs, singing and whistling; but how suddenly he ceased, when he saw his old treasure in her grief!

"May you keep the nose on your face! What has happened? At this time of day, Frau Nüssler, half-past six, do you sit down and cry?" With that he threw himself on the bench beside her, and tried to pull away the apron from her face. Frau Nüssler pushed away his hands. "Frau Nüssler, I beg you, for God's sake, tell me what is the matter."

At last Frau Nüssler said, with a heavy sigh, "Jochen!"

"Good heavens!" cried Bräsig, "he was perfectly well yesterday. Is he dead?"

"No indeed;" cried Frau Nüssler, taking away the apron, and turning her red eyes upon Bräsig, "but he has gone crazy!"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Bräsig, springing to his feet, "what has he been doing?"

"He is going to make a speech."

"What? Young Jochen make a speech? That is a bad sign!"

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" lamented Frau Nüssler, "and the laborers are all standing out in the yard, and he has turned me out of the room, I don't know how I came here."

"This is going to extremes!" cried Bräsig, "but compose yourself, Frau Nüssler, I am not afraid of him, I will venture to go in." And he entered the room.

Jochen was walking up and down, rubbing his head. Bräsig sat down near the door, and followed him with his eyes, but did not speak; on the other side of the room sat Banschan, who also followed his master with his eyes, but did not speak, — it was a very serious business, at least for Jochen and for Bräsig; Banschan was tolerably composed. At last, Bräsig asked very gently:

"What is the matter, Jochen?"

"I don't know," said Jochen, "my head is so confused; my thoughts are running every way, as when one shakes up a bushel of oats."

"I believe you, Jochen, I believe you," said Bräsig, and looked after him again, as he walked up and down. All at once Jochen stood still, and exclaimed angrily, "How the devil can I think of a speech, with both of you looking at me like that!"

"So! Do you want to make a speech? What do you want to make a speech for?"

"Bräsig, am I any worse than other people? Are my laborers worse than other people's laborers? They want their satisfaction, in these hard times; but I am not exactly fitted for it, the business is too much for me; you are quicker-witted, do me a favor, and make one for me."

"Why not?" said Bräsig, "if it is to do you a favor; but you mustn't disturb me!" and now Bräsig walked up and down the room, and Jochen sat still, and looked at him.

Suddenly the Herr Inspector opened the window, and called: "All come up here!" The day-laborers came up.

"Fellow-citizens!" began Bräsig; but — bang! — he shut down the window: "Thunder and lightning, that won't do! They are only day-laborers, one can't talk to them as if they were burghers! And now you see, Jochen, how difficult it is to make a speech, and will you meddle with a business, for which even I am not prepared?"

"Yes, Bräsig, but —"

"Be still, Jochen, I know what you are

going to say." He went to the window, opened it again, and said, "Children, each one go to his work, for to-day; there will be no speech to-day."

"Well, that is all the same to us," said Kalsow, "but the Herr —"

"He has been thinking about it," interrupted Bräsig, "and he has decided that the spring is too early for it; by and by, at harvest, he will make you a fine one."

"Yes," said Kalsow, "that is the best way. Come then, people!" and they went to their labor.

But now, as the coast was clear, Bräsig turned towards Jochen, and all the dignity, which his body was capable of expressing, was shown in his manner to Jochen, and all the influence he had exercised upon Jochen, in years past, now centered upon the poor kammerpächter, as he said, "What? They call you crazy? You are no more *crazy* than Bansch and I; but you are *foolish*. Why did your dear — I mean blessed — I mean cursed — parents bring you into the world? To make speeches, and frighten your dear wife out of her wits, who has nourished you at her bosom this five and twenty years, like a new-born child? Come with me, this moment, and beg her pardon, and tell her you will never do so again!"

And Jochen would have done so; but he was spared the apology, at least in the manner which Bräsig demanded, for Frau Nüssler entered the room:

"Jochen, Jochen! How you distress me!"

"Eh, mother —"

"Jochen, you will be the death of me!"

"With your good-for-nothing speeches," interposed Bräsig.

"Mother, I will not —"

"Ah, Jochen, I believe you will not do it this morning; but you have set yourself up, you shall see, it will happen again."

Jochen said no, he had had enough of it.

"God grant it!" said Frau Nüssler, "and that you may see that I can give up, too; for all me, Rudolph may be married to-morrow."

"So," said Bräsig, "now there is peace in the house again, now everything is in order, now give each other a kiss! One more, Jochen, that the left side of your mouth need not come short."

This was done, and Uncle Bräsig trotted off directly to Gurlitz, that he might inform his little goddaughter Mining of her happy prospects. He took the nearest foot-path, and that was the one which the Herr Proprietor Muchel had stopped up, that it might not be public any longer; but he had not succeeded in his design, for Gottlieb, at Bräsig's suggestion, had opposed it, and had gained the suit.

As Bräsig went along this path, he met the Herr Proprietor coming towards him, with a very friendly face in the distance, and as he came nearer he said, "Good-morning, my dear —" but he got no further, for Bräsig turned upon him, and without looking him in the face said, "A certain person was going to have my boots pulled off, and let me hop about with bare legs, like a crow;" and with that, he passed on, without looking round.

And when he had discharged his errand to Mining, at Gurlitz, and, after great rejoicing with his little rogues, Lining begged him to spend the day with them, although he must excuse Gottlieb, since it was Saturday, and he must write his sermon, he said, "Frau Pastorin Lining, every one has his business, and if the Herr Pastor Gottlieb has a sermon to make, why shouldn't I have one, too? For I must go to the Reform this evening;" and so he went back to Rahnsstadt.

RENGER observed an American monkey carefully driving away the flies which plagued her infant; and Duvaucel saw a *hylobates* washing the faces of her young ones in a stream. So intense is the grief of female monkeys for the loss of their young, that it invariably caused the death of certain kinds kept under confinement by Brehm in North Africa. Orphan monkeys were always adopted and carefully guarded by the other monkeys, both male and female. One

female baboon had so capacious a heart, that she not only adopted young monkeys of other species, but stole young dogs and cats, which she continually carried about. An adopted kitten scratched this affectionate baboon, who certainly had a sharp intellect; for she was much astonished at being scratched, and immediately examined the kitten's feet and without more ado bit off the claws.

All The Year Round.



From The Contemporary Review.  
ON THE EMOTION OF CONVICTION.

WHAT we commonly term Belief includes, I apprehend, both an Intellectual and an Emotional element; the first we more properly call "assent," and the second "conviction." The laws of the Intellectual element in belief are "the laws of evidence," and have been elaborately discussed; but those of the Emotional part have hardly been discussed at all, indeed, its existence has been scarcely perceived.

In the mind of a rigorously trained inquirer, the process of believing is, I apprehend, this:—First comes the investigation, a set of facts are sifted, and a set of arguments weighed; then the intellect perceives the result of those arguments, and, as we say, assents to it. Then an emotion more or less strong sets in which completes the whole. In calm and quiet minds the intellectual part of this process is so much the strongest that they are hardly conscious of anything else; and as these quiet, careful people have written our treatises, we do not find it explained in how them important the emotion part is.

But take the case of Caliph Omar, according to Gibbon's description of him. He burnt the Alexandrine Library, saying, "All books which contain what is not in the Koran are dangerous; all those which contain what is in the Koran are useless." Probably no one ever had an intenser belief in anything than Omar had in this. Yet it is impossible to imagine it preceded by an argument. His belief in Mahomet, in the Koran, and in the sufficiency of the Koran came to him probably in spontaneous rushes of emotion; there may have been little vestiges of argument floating here and there but they did not justify the strength of the emotion, still less did they create it, and they hardly even excused it.

There is so commonly some considerable argument for our modern beliefs, that it is difficult nowadays to isolate the emotional element, and therefore on the principle that in Metaphysics "egotism is the truest modesty," I may give myself as an example of utterly irrational conviction. Some years ago I stood for a borough in the West of England, and after a keen contest was defeated by seven. Almost directly afterwards there was accidentally another election, and as I would not stand, another candidate of my own side was elected, and I of course ceased to have any hold upon the place, or chance of being elected there. But for years I had the

deepest conviction that I should be Member for "Bridgwater;" and no amount of reasoning would get it out of my head. The borough is now disfranchised; but even still, if I allow my mind to dwell on the contest,—if I think of the hours I was ahead in the morning, and the rush of votes at two o'clock by which I was defeated,—and even more, if I call up the image of the nomination day, with all the people's hands outstretched, and all their excited faces looking the more different on account of their identity in posture, the old feeling almost comes back upon me, and for a moment I believe that I shall be Member for Bridgwater.

I should not mention such nonsense, except on an occasion when I may serve as an intellectual "specimen," but I know I wish that I could feel the same hearty, vivid faith in many conclusions of which my understanding says it is satisfied that I did in this absurdity. And if it should be replied that such folly could be no real belief, for it could not influence any man's action, I am afraid I must say that it did influence my actions. For a long time the ineradicable fatalistic feeling, that I should some time have this constituency, of which I had no chance, hung about my mind, and diminished my interest in other constituencies, where my chances of election would have been rational, at any rate.

This case probably exhibits the maximum of conviction with the minimum of argument, but there are many approximations to it. Persons of untrained minds cannot long live without some belief in any topic which comes much before them. It has been said that if you can only get a middle-class Englishman to think whether there are "snails in Sirius," he will soon have an opinion on it. It will be difficult to make him think, but if he does think, he cannot rest in a negative, he will come to some decision. And on any ordinary topic, of course, it is so. A grocer has a full creed as to foreign policy, a young lady a complete theory of the sacraments, as to which neither has any doubt whatever. But in talking to such persons I cannot but remember my Bridgwater experience, and ask whether causes like those which begat my folly may not be at the bottom of their "invincible knowledge."

Most persons who observe their own thoughts must have been conscious of the exactly opposite state. There are cases where our intellect has gone through the arguments, and we give a clear assent to



the conclusions. But our minds seem dry and unsatisfied. In that case we have the intellectual part of Belief, but want the emotional part.

That belief is not a purely intellectual matter is evident from dreams, where we are always believing, but scarcely ever arguing; and from certain forms of insanity, where fixed delusions seize upon the mind and generate a firmer belief than any sane person is capable of. These are, of course, "unorthodox" states of mind; but a good psychology must explain them, nevertheless, and perhaps it would have progressed faster if it had been more ready to compare them with the waking states of sane people.

Probably when the subject is thoroughly examined, "conviction" will be proved to be one of the intensest of human emotions, and one most closely connected with the bodily state. In cases like the Caliph Omar it governs all other desires, absorbs the whole nature, and rules the whole life. And in such cases it is accompanied or preceded by the sensation that Scott makes his seer describe as the prelude to a prophecy:—

"At length the fatal answer came,  
In characters of living flame,—  
Not spoke in word, nor blazed in smoke,  
But borne and branded on my soul."

A hot flash seems to burn across the brain. Men in these intense states of mind have altered all history, changed for better or worse the creed of myriads, and desolated or redeemed provinces and ages. Nor is this intensity a sign of truth, for it is precisely strongest in those points in which men differ most from each other. John Knox felt it in his anti-Catholicism; Ignatius Loyola in his anti-Protestantism; and both, I suppose, felt it as much as it is possible to feel it.

Once acutely felt, I believe it is indelible; at least, it does something to the mind which it is hard for anything else to undo. It has been often said that a man who has once really loved a woman never can be without feeling towards that woman again. He may go on loving her, or he may change and hate her. In the same way, I think experience proves that no one who has had real passionate conviction of a creed, the sort of emotion that burns hot upon the brain, can ever be indifferent to that creed again. He may continue to believe it, and to love it; or he may change to the opposite, vehemently argue against it, and persecute it. But he cannot forget it. Years afterwards, perhaps, when

life changes, when external interests cease to excite, when the apathy to surroundings which belongs to the old begins, all at once, and to the wonder of later friends, who cannot imagine what is come to him, the grey-headed man returns to the creed of his youth.

The explanation of these facts in metaphysical books is very imperfect. Indeed, I only know one school which professes to explain the emotion, as distinguished from the intellectual element in belief. Mr. Mill (after Mr. Bain) speaks very instructively of the "animal nature of belief," but when he comes to trace its cause, his analysis seems, to me at least, utterly unsatisfactory. He says that "the state of belief is identical with the activity or active disposition of the system at the moment with reference to the thing believed." But in many cases there is firm belief where there is no possibility of action or tendency to it. A girl in a country parsonage will be sure "that Paris can never be taken," or that "Bismarck is a wretch," without being able to act on them. Many beliefs, in Coleridge's happy phrase, slumber in the "dormitory of the mind;" they are present to the consciousness, but they incite to no action. And perhaps Coleridge is an example of misformed mind in which not only may "Faith" not produce "works," but in which it had a tendency to prevent works. Strong convictions gave him a kind of cramp in the will, and he could not act on them. And in very many persons much-indulged conviction exhausts the mind with the attached ideas; teases it, and so, when the time of action comes, makes it apt to turn to different, perhaps opposite, ideas, and to act on them in preference.

As far as I can perceive, the power of an idea to cause conviction, independently of any intellectual process, depends on three properties.

1st. *Clearness.* The more unmistakable an idea is to a particular mind, the more is that mind predisposed to believe it. In common life we may constantly see this. If you once make a thing quite clear to a person, the chances are that you will almost have persuaded him. Half the world only understand what they believe, and always believe what they understand.

2nd. *Intensity.* This is the main cause why the ideas that flash on the minds of seers, as in Scott's description, are believed; they come mostly when the nerves are exhausted by fasting, watching, and longing; they have a peculiar brilliancy,

and therefore they are believed. To this cause I trace too my fixed folly as to Bridgwater. The idea of being member for the town had been so intensely brought home to me by the excitement of a contest, that I could not eradicate it, and that as soon as I recalled any circumstances of the contest it always came back in all its vividness.

3rd. *Constancy.* As a rule, almost every one does accept the creed of the place in which he lives, and every one without exception has a tendency to do so. There are, it is true, some minds which a mathematician might describe as minds of "contrary flexure," whose particular bent it is to contradict what those around them say. And the reason is that in their minds the opposite aspect of every subject is always vividly presented. But even such minds usually accept the *axioms* of their district, the tenets which everybody always believes. They only object to the variable elements; to the inferences and deductions drawn by some, but not by all.

4thly. On the *Interestingness* of the idea, by which I mean the power of the idea to gratify some wish or want of the mind. The most obvious is curiosity about something which is important to me. Rumours that gratify this excite a sort of half-conviction without the least evidence, and with a very little evidence a full, eager, not to say a bigoted one. If a person go into a mixed company, and say authoritatively "that the Cabinet is nearly divided on the Russian question, and that it was only decided by one vote to send Lord Granville's despatch," most of the company will attach some weight more or less to the story without asking how the secret was known. And if the narrator casually add that he has just seen a subordinate member of the Government, most of the hearers will go away and repeat the anecdote with grave attention, though it does not in the least appear that the lesser functionary told the anecdote about the Cabinet, or that he knew what passed at it.

And the interest is greater when the news falls in with the bent of the hearer. A sanguine man will believe with scarcely any evidence that good luck is coming, and a dismal man that bad luck. As far as I can make out, the professional "Bulls" and "Bears" of the City *do* believe a great deal of what they say, though, of course, there are exceptions, and though neither the most sanguine "bull" nor the most dismal "bear" can believe *all* he says.

Of course, I need not say that this "quality" peculiarly attaches to the greatest problems of human life. The firmest convictions of the most inconsistent answers to the everlasting questions "whence?" and "whither?" have been generated by this "interestingness" without evidence on which one would invest a penny.

In one case, these causes of irrational conviction seem contradictory. Clearness, as we have seen, is one of them; but obscurity, when obscure things are interesting, is a cause too. But there is no real difficulty here. Human nature at different times exhibits contrasted impulses. There is a passion for sensualism, that is, to eat and drink; and a passion for asceticism, that is, not to eat and drink: so it is quite likely that the clearness of an idea may sometimes cause a movement of conviction, and that the obscurity of another idea may at other times cause one too.

These laws, however, are complex,—can they be reduced to any simpler law of human nature? I confess I think that they can, but at the same time I do not presume to speak with the same confidence about it that I have upon other points. Hitherto I have been dealing with the common facts of the adult human mind, as we may see it in others and feel it in ourselves. But I am now going to deal with the "prehistoric" period of the mind in early childhood, as to which there is necessarily much obscurity.

My theory is, that in the first instance a child believes everything. Some of its states of consciousness are perceptive or presentative,—that is, they tell it of some heat or cold, some resistance or non-resistance then and there present. Other states of consciousness are representative,—that is, they say that certain sensations could be felt, or certain facts perceived, in time past or in time to come, or at some place, no matter at what time, then and there out of the reach of perception and sensation. In mature life, too, we have these presentative and representative states in every sort of mixture, but we make a distinction between them. Without remark and without doubt, we believe the "evidence of our senses," that is, the facts of present sensation and perception; but we do not believe at once and instantaneously the representative states as to what is non-present, whether in time or space. But I apprehend that this is an acquired distinction, and that in early childhood every state of consciousness is believed, whether it be presentative or representative.

Certainly at the beginning of the "historic" period we catch the mind at a period of extreme credulity. When memory begins, and when speech and signs suffice to make a child intelligible, belief is almost omnipresent, and doubt almost never to be found. Childlike credulity is a phrase of the highest antiquity, and of the greatest present aptness.

So striking, indeed, on certain points, is this impulse to believe, that philosophers have invented various theories to explain in detail some of its marked instances. Thus it has been said that children have an intuitive disposition to believe in "testimony," that is, in the correctness of statements orally made to them. And that they do so is certain. Every child believes what the footman tells it, what its nurse tells it, and what its mother tells it, and probably every one's memory will carry him back to the horrid mass of miscellaneous confusion which he acquired by believing all he heard. But though it is certain that a child believes all assertions made to it, it is not certain that the child so believes in consequence of a special intuitive predisposition restricted to such assertions. It may be that this indiscriminate belief in all sayings is but a relic of an omnivorous acquiescence in all states of consciousness, which is only just extinct when childhood is plain enough to be understood, or old enough to be remembered.

Again, it has been said much more plausibly that we want an intuitive tendency to account for our belief in memory. But I question whether it can be shown that a little child *does* believe in its memories more confidently than in its imaginations. A child of my acquaintance corrected its mother, who said that "they should never see" two of its dead brothers again, and maintained, "Oh yes, mamma, we shall; we shall see them in heaven, and they will be so glad to see us." And then the child cried with disappointment because its mother, though a most religious lady, did not seem exactly to feel that seeing her children in that manner was as good as seeing them on earth. Now I doubt if that child did not believe this expectation quite as confidently as it believed any past fact, or as it could believe anything at all, and though the conclusion may be true, plainly the child believed not from the efficacy of the external evidence, but from a strong rush of inward confidence. Why, then, should we want a special intuition to make children believe past facts when, in truth, they go farther

and believe with no kind of difficulty future facts as well as past?

If on so abstruse a matter I might be allowed a graphic illustration, I should define doubt as "a hesitation produced by collision." A child possessed with the notion that all its fancies are true, finds that acting on one of them brings its head against the table. This gives it pain, and makes it hesitate as to the expediency of doing it again. Early childhood is an incessant education in scepticism, and early youth is so too. All boys are always knocking their heads against the physical world, and all young men are constantly knocking their heads against the social world. And both of them from the same cause, that they are subject to an eruption of emotion which engenders a strong belief, but which is as likely to cause a belief in falsehood as in truth. Gradually under the tuition of a painful experience we come to learn that our strongest convictions may be quite false, that many of our most cherished ones are and have been false; and this causes us to seek a "criterion" which beliefs are to be trusted and which are not; and so we are beaten back to the laws of evidence for our guide, though, as Bishop Butler said, in a similar case, we object to be bound by anything so "poor."

That it is really this contention with the world which destroys conviction and which causes doubt is shown by examining the cases where the mind is secluded from the world. In "dreams," where we are out of collision with fact, we accept everything as it comes, believe everything and doubt nothing. And in violent cases of mania, where the mind is shut up within itself, and cannot, from impotence, perceive what is without, it is as sure of the most chance fancy, as in health it would be of the best proved truths.

And upon this theory we perceive why the four tendencies to irrational conviction which I have set down survive, and remain in our adult hesitating state as vestiges of our primitive all-believing state. They are all from various causes "adhesive" states — states which it is very difficult to get rid of, and which, in consequence, have retained their power of creating belief in the mind, when other states, which once possessed it too, have quite lost it. Clear ideas are certainly more difficult to get rid of than obscure ones. Indeed, some obscure ones we cannot recover, if we once lose them. Everybody, perhaps, has felt all manner of doubts and difficulties in mastering a mathematical problem; at the time, the difficulties seemed as real as the

problem, but a day or two after he has mastered it, he will be wholly unable to imagine or remember where the difficulties were. The demonstration will be perfectly clear to him, and he will be unable to comprehend how any one should fail to perceive it. For life he will recall the clear ideas, but the obscure ones he will never recall, though for some hours, perhaps, they were painful, confused, and oppressive obstructions. *Intense* ideas are, as every one will admit, recalled more easily than slight and weak ideas. *Constantly* impressed ideas are brought back by the world around us, and if they are so often, get so tied to our other ideas, that we can hardly wrench them away. *Interesting* ideas stick in the mind by the associations which give them interest. All the minor laws of conviction resolve themselves into this great one: "That at first we believe all which occurs to us — that afterwards we have a tendency to believe that which we cannot help often occurring to us, and that this tendency is stronger or weaker in some sort of proportion to our inability to prevent their recurrence." When the inability to prevent the recurrence of the idea is very great, so that the reason be powerless on the mind, the consequent "conviction" is an eager, irritable, and ungovernable passion.

If this analysis be true, it suggests some lessons which are not now accepted.

1. They prove that we should be very careful how we let ourselves believe that which may turn out to be error. Milton says that "error is but opinion," meaning true opinion, "in the making." But when the conviction of any error is a strong passion, it leaves, like all other passions, a permanent mark on the mind. We can never be as if we had never felt it. "Once a heretic, always a heretic," is thus far true, that a mind once given over to a passionate conviction is never as fit as it would otherwise have been to receive the truth on the same subject. Years after the passion may return upon him, and inevitably small recurrences of it will irritate his intelligence and disturb its calm. We cannot at once expel a familiar idea, and so long as the idea remains its effect will remain too.

2. That we must always keep an account in our minds of the degree of evidence on which we hold our convictions, and be most careful that we do not permanently permit ourselves to feel a strong-

er conviction than the evidence justifies. If we do, since evidence is the only criterion of truth, we may easily get a taint of error that may be hard to clear away. This may seem obvious, yet if I do not mistake, Father Newman's "Grammar of Assent" is little else than a systematic treatise designed to deny and confute it.

3. That if we do, as in life we must sometimes, indulge a "provisional enthusiasm," as it may be called, for an idea, — for example, if an actor in the excitement of speaking does not keep his phrases to probability, and if in the hurry of emotion he quite believes all he says, his plain duty is on other occasions to watch himself carefully, and to be sure that he does not as a permanent creed believe what in a peculiar and temporary state he was led to say he felt and to feel.

Similarly, we are all in our various departments of life in the habit of assuming various probabilities as if they were certainties. In Lombard Street the dealers assume that "Messrs. Baring's acceptance at three months' date is sure to be paid," and that "Peel's Act will always be suspended at a panic." And the familiarity of such ideas makes it nearly impossible for any one who spends his day in Lombard Street to doubt of them. But, nevertheless, a person who takes care of his mind will keep up the perception that they are not certainties.

Lastly, we should utilize this intense emotion of conviction as far as we can. Dry minds, which give an intellectual "assent" to conclusions which feel no strong glow of faith in them, often do not know what their opinions are. They have every day to go over the arguments again, or to refer to a note-book to know what they believe. But intense convictions make a memory for themselves, and if they can be kept to the truths of which there is good evidence, they give a readiness of intellect, a confidence in action, a consistency in character, which are not to be had without them. For a time, indeed, they give these benefits when the propositions believed are false, but then they spoil the mind for seeing the truth, and they are very dangerous, because the believer may discover his error, and a perplexity of intellect, a hesitation in action, and an inconsistency in character are the sure consequences of an entire collapse in pervading and passionate conviction.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

## LADY ISABELLA.

## PART II.

## CHAPTER III.

As I drove home, strangely enough, I met the ladies on their afternoon walk. Mrs. Spencer was in advance as usual, talking rapidly and with animation, while Lady Isabella lagged a step behind, pausing to look at the ripe brambles and the beautiful ruddy autumn leaves.

"Just look what a bit of colour," she was saying when I came up; but Mrs. Spencer's mind, it was evident, was full of other things.

"I wonder how you can care for such nonsense," she said; "I never saw any one so unexcitable. After me fussing myself into a fever, to preserve you from this annoyance! and I knew it would be too much for you —"

"Hush!" said Lady Isabella, emphatically, and then Mrs. Spencer perceived the pony carriage for the first time, and restrained herself. She changed her tone in a moment, and came up to me with her alert step when I drew the pony up.

"What a nice afternoon for a drive," she said; "have you been at Royalborough — is there anything going on? I have dragged Isabella out for a walk, as usual much against her will."

"I have been to make a call," I said, "on a poor invalid, the wife of Major Bellingier."

"Oh, yes! I know, I know," said Mrs. Spencer; "he is to be the barrackmaster. He rose from the ranks I think, or something, — very poor, and a large family. I know quite what sort of person she would be. The kind of woman that has been pretty, and has quite broken down with children and trouble — I know. It was very good of you; quite like yourself."

"If it was very good of me, I have met with a speedy reward," said I, "for I have quite fallen in love with her — and her daughter. They are coming to me on Saturday — if Mrs. Bellingier is able — for afternoon tea."

"I know exactly the kind of person," said Mrs. Spencer, nodding her head. "Ah, my dear Mrs. Musgrave, you are always so good, and so —"

"Easily taken in," she was going to say, but I suppose I looked very grave, for she stopped.

"Is the daughter pretty, too?" said Lady Isabella: a flush had come upon her face, and she looked at me intently, waiting, I could see, for a sign. She under-

stood that this had something to do with the commission she had given me. And I was so foolish as to think she had divined my thoughts, and had fixed upon Edith, by instinct, as an obstacle in her way.

"Never mind the daughter," I said hastily, "but do come on Saturday afternoon, and see if I am not justified in liking the mother. I daresay they are not very rich, but they are not unpleasantly poor, or, if they are, they don't make a show of it; and a little society, I am sure, would do her all the good in the world."

This time Lady Isabella looked so intently at me, that I ventured to give the smallest little nod just to show her that I meant her to come. She took it up in a moment. Her face brightened all over. She made me a little gesture of thanks and satisfaction. And she put on instantly her old laughing, lively, satirical air.

"Of course we shall come," she said, "even if this lady were not sick and poor. These qualities are great temptations to us, you are aware; but even if she were just like other people, we should come."

"Well, Isabella!" said Mrs. Spencer, "you who are so unwilling to go anywhere!" but of course she could not help adding a civil acceptance of my invitation; and so that matter was settled more easily than I could have hoped.

I saw them the next day — once more by accident. We were both calling at the same house, and Lady Isabella seized the opportunity to speak to me. She drew me apart into a corner, on pretence of showing me something. "Look here," she said, with a flush on her face, "tell me, do you think me a fool — or worse? That is about my own opinion of myself."

"No," I said, "indeed I don't. I think you are doing what is quite right. This is not a matter which concerns other people, that you should be guided by them, but yourself."

"Oh, it does not concern any one very much," she said, with a forced laugh. "I am not so foolish as to think *that*. It is a mere piece of curiosity — folly. The fact is, one does not grow wise as one grows old, though of course we ought. And — he is — really to be there on Saturday? Despise me, laugh at me, make fun of me! — I deserve it, I know."

"He is really to come — I hope," I said it faltering, with a sense of fright at my own temerity; and Lady Isabella gave me a doubtful half-suspicious look as she left me. Now that it had come so near I grew alarmed, and doubted much whether I should have meddled. It is very trouble-



some, having to do with other people's affairs. It spoiled my rest that night, and my comfort all day. I almost prayed that Saturday might be wet, that Mrs. Bellinger might not be able to come. But, alas, Saturday morning was the brightest, loveliest autumn morning, all wrapped in a lovely golden haze, warm and soft as summer, yet subdued and chastened and sweet, as summer in its heyday never is; and the first post brought me a note from Edith, saying that her mamma felt so well, and was so anxious to come. Accordingly, I had to make up my mind to it. I sent the pony carriage off by twelve o'clock, that the pony might have a rest before he came back, and I got out my best china, and had my little lawn carefully swept clean of faded leaves, and my flower-beds trimmed a little. They were rather untidy with the mignonette, which had begun to grow bushy, but then it was very sweet; and the asters and red geraniums looked quite gay and bright. My monthly rose, too, was covered with flowers. I am very fond of monthly roses; they are so sweet and so pathetic in autumn, remonstrating always, and wondering why summer should be past; or at least that is the impression they convey to me. I know some women who are just like them, women who have a great deal to bear, and cannot help feeling surprised that so much should be laid upon them; yet who keep on flowering and blossoming in spite of all, brightening the world and keeping the air sweet, not for any reason, but because they can't help it. My visitor who was coming was, I think, something of that kind.

The first of the party who arrived were Major Bellinger and Colonel Brentford; they had walked over, and the Major was very eloquent about my kindness to his wife. "Nothing could possibly do her so much good," he said. "I don't know how to thank you, Mrs. Musgrave. Brentford says he made up his mind she must go the very first minute, whether she could or not—he said he was so sure you would do her good."

"I am very glad Colonel Brentford had such a favourable opinion of me," I said.

Then I stopped short, feeling very much embarrassed. If Lady Isabella had only come in *then*, before the ladies arrived—but, of course, she did not. She came only after Mrs. Bellinger was established on the sofa, and Edith had taken off her hat. They looked quite a family party, I could not but feel. Colonel Brentford, probably, was very nearly as old as the

Major himself; and quite as old as the Major's wife; but then he had the unmarried look which of itself seems a kind of guarantee of youth, and his face was quite free of that cloud of care which was more or less upon both their faces. He was standing outside the open window with Edith when Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella came in. He did not see them. He was getting some of the monthly roses for her, which were high up upon the verandah. It was so high that it was very seldom we were able to get the flowers; but he was a tall man, and he managed it. Lady Isabella perceived him at once, and I saw a little shiver run over her. She gave Mrs. Bellinger, poor soul, but a very stiff salutation, and sat down on a chair near the window. She did not notice the girl. She had not thought of Edith, and no sort of suspicion as yet had been roused in her. She sat down quietly, and waited until he should come in.

How strange it was!—all bright full sunshine, no shadow or mystery to favour the romance; the Bellingers and Mrs. Spencer talking in the most ordinary way; the Colonel outside, pulling down the branch of pale roses; and Edith smiling, shaking off some dewdrops that had fallen from them upon her pretty hair. All so ordinary, so calm, so peaceable—but Lady Isabella seated there, silent, waiting—and I looking on with a chill at my very heart. He was a long time before he came in—talking to Edith was pleasant out in that verandah, with all the brilliant sunshine about, and the russet trees so sweet in the afternoon haze.

"You shall have some," he said; "but we must give some to your mother first."

And then he came in with the branch in his hand. I don't know whether some sense of suppressed excitement in the air struck him as he paused in the window, but he did stand still there, and looked round him with an inquiring look. He had not left so many people in the room as were in it now, and he was surprised. He looked at me, and then I suppose my agitated glance directed him, in spite of myself, to Lady Isabella. He gave a perceptible start when he saw her, and smothered an exclamation. He recognized her instantly. His face flushed, and the branch of roses in his hand trembled. All this took place quite unobserved by anybody but me, and, perhaps, Edith, outside the window, who was coming in after him, and now stood on tiptoe, trying to see what was going on and wondering. Lady Isabella looked up at him with a face so un-



certain in its expression that my terror was infinite. Was she angry? Was she going to betray herself, and show the nervous irritability which possessed her? She was very pale — white to her lips; and he so flushed and startled. She looked up at him, and then her lips parted and she smiled.

"I think I should like one of the roses," she said.

Colonel Brentford did not say a word. He made her a bow, and with a trembling hand (how it did tremble! — it made me shake with sympathy to see it) he detached a spray from the great branch, which was all pink with roses, and gave it to her; and then he went away into the furthest corner, throwing down his roses on a table as he passed, and stared out of the window. To him the meeting was quite unexpected, I suppose — something utterly startling and sudden. The talk went on all the same. Edith surprised, came in, and stood with her back to the open window, looking after him in a state of bewilderment. He had gone in smiling, to give her mother the flowers; and now he was standing with his back to us, the flowers cast down anywhere. As for Lady Isabella, she had buried her face in her roses, and sat quite silent, taking no notice of any one. Such was this meeting, which I had brought about. And all the time I had to talk to Major Bellinger, and look as if I were attending to what he said.

"Does Edith sing?" I asked in desperation. "I am so glad! Do sing us something, my dear — oh, anything — and the simpler the better. How nice it is of you not to want your music. My piano is not in very good order, I play so seldom now; but it will not matter much to your young fresh voice."

I said this, not knowing what I was saying, and hurried her to the piano, thinking, if she sung ever so badly, it still would be a blessed relief amid all this agitation and excitement.

"I only sing to mamma," said Edith. "I will try if you wish it; but papa does not care for my singing — and Colonel Brentford hates it," she added, raising her voice.

There was a little spite, a little pique, in what Edith said. She was confounded by his sudden withdrawal, and anxious to call him back and punish him. This, however, was not the effect her words produced. Colonel Brentford took no notice, and kept his back towards us; but on another member of our little company the effect was startling enough.

"Colonel Brentford!" said Mrs. Spencer, with a little shriek; and her nice comfortable commonplace talk with Mrs. Bellinger came to an end at once. She got up and came to me, and drew me into another corner. "For heaven's sake," she said, "tell me what did the girl mean? Colonel Brentford! He is the one man in all the world whom we must not meet. That is not him surely at the window? Oh, good heavens! What is to be done? I wanted to tell you, but I never had an opportunity. Mrs. Musgrave, he was once engaged to Isabella. They had a quarrel, and it nearly cost her her life. I think I would almost have given mine to preserve her from this trial. Has she seen him? — Oh, my poor dear! my poor dear!"

Let anybody imagine what was the scene presented in my drawing-room now. Colonel Brentford at the other end, with his back to us all, gazing out at the window. Major Bellinger at one side of the room, and his wife at the other, suddenly deserted by the people they had been respectively talking to, looking across at each other with raised eyebrows and questioning looks. Edith, confused and half-offended, standing before the closed piano, where I had led her; and Mrs. Spencer holding me by the arm in the opposite corner to that occupied by Colonel Brentford, and discoursing close to my ear with excited looks and voluble utterance. And then these people were strangers to me, not like familiar friends, who could wait for an explanation. I could only whisper in Mrs. Spencer's ear, "For heaven's sake, do not let us make a scene now — let us keep everything as quiet as possible now!"

Just then Lady Isabella suddenly rose from her seat, and sat down beside Mrs. Bellinger, and began to talk to her. I could not quite hear how she began, but I made out by instinct, I suppose, what she was saying.

"I cannot ask Mrs. Musgrave to introduce me, for I see she is occupied; but I know who you are, and you must let me introduce myself. I am Lady Isabella Morton, and I live here with a great friend of mine. Colonel Brentford and I used to know each other long ago —"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bellinger, drawing her breath quickly; "I think I have heard —"

"He was startled to see me," said Lady Isabella. "Of course he did not expect — but we are always meeting people we don't expect. Your daughter is going

to sing. Hush! yes, please hush! I want to hear it," she cried, raising her hand with a gesture to the Major, who pretended he was going to talk. Every word she said was audible through the room, her voice was so clear and full.

Colonel Brentford turned round slowly. He turned almost as if he were a man upon a pedestal, which some pivot had the power to move. Either it was her voice which attracted him, or he had heard what she said, or perhaps he was recovering from the shock of the first meeting. It was at this moment that Edith began to sing. I do not know what her feelings were, or if she cared anything about it; but certainly all the rest of the party, with the exception of her father and mother, were excited to such a strange degree, that I felt as if some positive explosion must occur. How is it that fire and air, and all sorts of senseless things, cause explosions, and that human feeling does not? Edith's girlish, fresh voice, rising out of the midst of all this, electrified one. It was a pretty voice singing one of the ordinary foolish songs, which are all alike—a voice without the least passion or even sentiment in it, sweet, fresh, guiltless of any feeling. Lady Isabella leaned back in her chair, and listened with a faint smile upon her face; Colonel Brentford stood undecided between her and the piano, sometimes making a half-movement towards the singer, but turning his eyes the other way; while Mrs. Spencer, on the other side of the room, sat with her hands clasped, and gazed at her friend. The two Bellingers listened as people listen to the singing of their child; a soft little complacent smile was on the mother's face. When Edith approached a false note, or when she was a little out in her time, Mrs. Bellinger gave a quick glance round to see if anybody noticed it, and blushed, as it were, under her breath. The Major kept time softly with his finger; and we—listened with our hearts thumping in our ears, bewildered by the pleasant little song in its inconceivable calm, and yet glad of the moment's breathing-time.

"Thank you, my dear," said I, when the song was done; and we all said "Thanks," with more or less fervour, while the parents, innocent people, looked on well pleased.

And then I went to Edith at the piano, and asked all about her music, what masters she had had, and a thousand other trifles, not hearing what she answered me. But I did hear something else. I heard Colo-

nel Brentford speak to Lady Isabella, and took in every word. There was nothing remarkable about it; but he spoke low, as if his words meant more than met the ear.

"I knew you were living here," was all he said.

"Oh, I suppose so," said Lady Isabella. She had been quite calm before, but I knew by her voice she was flurried now. And then there followed that little agitated laugh, which in the last few days I had learnt to know. "Most people know where everybody lives," she added, with an attempt at indifference. "I knew your regiment was here."

"But I did not expect to see you just then," he went on. "And that rose—Pardon me if I was rude. I was taken altogether by surprise."

"That I should ask you for a rose?" she said, holding it up. "It is but a poor little thing, as these late flowers always are. Not much scent, and less colour, but sweet, because it is over—almost a thing of the past."

"I was taken altogether by surprise," said Colonel Brentford.

He did not make any reply to her. He was not clever, as she was. He repeated his little phrase of confused no-meaning, and his voice trembled. And while he was saying all this, Edith was telling me that she had had a few—only a very few—lessons from Herrmannstadt, and that her mamma hoped, that if they stayed at Royalborough, she might be able to have some from Dr. Delvey or Miss de la Pluie.

"If, my dear?" said I. "I thought it was quite settled that you were to stay!" and then her answer became unintelligible to me; for my ears were intent upon what was going on behind us, and instead of listening to Edith, I heard only Colonel Brentford's feet shuffling uneasily upon the carpet, and Mrs. Spencer asking Lady Isabella if she did not think it was time to go.

"But you have not had any tea," said I, rushing to the front: though, indeed, I was not at all sure that I wished them to stay.

"We never take any tea," said Mrs. Spencer, unblushingly; though she knew that I knew she was the greatest afternoon tea-drinker in all Dinglefield; "and we have to call upon old Mrs. Lloyd, who is quite ill. Did you know she was ill? We must not neglect the sick and the old, you know, even for the pleasantest society, Isabella, my dear!"

Colonel Brentford went after us to the

door. He looked at them wistfully, watching their movements, until he saw that Mrs. Spencer had a cloak over her arm. Then he came forward with a certain heavy alacrity.

"Let me carry it for you," he said.

"Oh, thanks! We are not going far; don't take the trouble. I would not, for the world, take you from your friends," cried Mrs. Spencer, wildly.

"It is no trouble, if you will let me," he said.

He had taken the cloak out of her astonished hand, and Lady Isabella, in the mean time, with a smile on her face, had walked on in advance. Even I, though I felt so much agitated that I could have cried, could not but laugh to see Mrs. Spencer's look of utter discomfiture as she turned from my door, attended by this man, whom she so feared. I stood and watched them as they went away, with a mingled feeling of relief and anxiety and wonder. Thus it was over. Was it over? Could this be a beginning or an end?

When I went back to the Bellingers they were consulting together, and I fear were not quite well pleased. The Major and his daughter drew back as I entered, but I saw it on their faces.

"I hope you will pardon me," I said, "for leaving you alone. My friends are gone, and Colonel Brentford has kindly walked with them to carry something. Now, I know you must want some tea."

"Indeed, mamma is a great deal too tired," said Edith, who naturally was most nettled. "I am sure we ought to go home."

"I think she is over-tired," said the Major, doubtfully.

He did not want to be dragged away so suddenly; but yet he was a little surprised. Mrs. Bellinger, for her part, did not say anything, but she looked pale, and my heart smote me. And then there was a line of anxiety, which I had not noticed before, between her eyes.

"It is only that she wants some tea," said I; and the Stokes coming in at the moment, to my infinite satisfaction, made a diversion, and brought things back to the ordinary channel of talk. And then they challenged the Major and Edith to croquet, for which all the hoops and things were set out on the lawn. I sat down by Mrs. Bellinger when they went away, and Colonel Brentford came back and sat silently by us for five minutes, and then went out to the croquet-players. A little silence fell upon us, as the sound of the voices grew merrier outside. It is a stupid

game, but it is pretty to look at, when one is safe out of it; and we two ladies sat in the room and watched the players, no doubt with grave thoughts enough. Colonel Brentford took Edith in hand at once. He showed her how to play, advised her, followed her, was always by her side. What did it mean? Was he glad that his old love had passed away like a dream, and left him free to indulge in this new one—to throw himself into this younger, brighter existence? Neither of us spoke, and I wondered whether we were both busy with the same thought.

At length, Mrs. Bellinger broke the silence.

"I feel so anxious about our Colonel," she said; "he is so good and so nice. And your friends came by chance, quite by chance, Mrs. Musgrave? How strange it is! Do you know that there was once — But of course you know. Oh, I hope this meeting will be for good, and not for harm."

"For harm!" I said, with words that did not quite express my thoughts. "They are both staid, sober people, not likely to go back to any youthful nonsense. How could it do harm?"

Mrs. Bellinger shook her head. There was a cloud upon her face.

"We shall see in time," she said, in a melancholy, prophetic way, and sighed again.

To whom could it be that she apprehended harm? Not to Lady Isabella, whom she did not know. Was it to the child, then, or to *him*?

#### CHAPTER IV.

NEXT day I had a number of visitors. Mrs. Spencer had made it so well known in Dinglefield that nobody was to invite Lady Isabella to meet the new officers, that my unexampled temerity startled the whole neighbourhood. "Of course they have met, notwithstanding all our precautions — and fancy, at Mrs. Musgrave's! She was almost the only person Mrs. Spencer had not told," my neighbours said; for the place is so small, that of course everybody knows what everybody else is doing on the Green. The Stokes were the first to call, and they were full of it: — "Fancy not telling us that Lady Isabella had been here!" cried Lottie. "You must have known there was something, or you would have told us. And what did you mean? Did you think they ought to have another chance; or did you think —? Oh, I do so wish you would tell me what you meant!"

"Another chance, indeed!" said Lucy. "As if Colonel Brentford—a handsome man like that, and just a nice age—would look twice at that old thing!"

"He is a good deal older than the old thing," said I; "and it is a poor account of both men and women, Lucy, if everything is to give way to mere youth. You yourself will not be seventeen always. You should remember that."

"Well, but then I shall be married," said Lucy; "and I shan't mind if nobody pays any attention to me. I shall have my husband and my children, of course; but an old maid——"

"Be quiet, Lucy," said her sister, angrily. "If you girls only knew how to hold your tongues, then you might have a chance; but please tell me, Mrs. Musgrave,—you won't say you did not mean anything, for of course you knew——?"

"I don't intend to say anything about it, my dear; and here is Mrs. Spencer coming, if you would like to make any further inquiries," I said. I was quite glad to see her, to get rid of their questionings. Mrs. Spencer was very flurried and disturbed, out of breath both of mind and body.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Musgrave, what an unfortunate business!" she said, the moment the girls were gone. "I have nobody but myself to blame, for I never told you. I thought as you did not give many parties—and then I know you don't care much for those dancing sort of men—and how was I to suppose he would be thrown upon your hands like this? It has upset me so," she said, turning to me, with her eyes full of tears; "I have not slept all night."

Her distress was a great deal too genuine to be smiled at. "I am so sorry," I said; "but, after all, I do not think it is serious. It did not seem to disturb her much."

"Ah, that is because she does not show it," said Mrs. Spencer. "She is so unselfish. You might stab her to the heart, and she would never say a word, if there was any one there who could be made unhappy by it. She would not let me see, for she knows it would make me wretched. And I am quite wretched about her. If this were to bring up old feelings! And you know she nearly died of it—at the time."

The tears came dropping down on poor Mrs. Spencer's thin nose. It was too thin, almost sharp in outline, but such tears softened all its asperity away. I could not help thinking of those dreadful French

proverbs, which are so remorseless and yet so true; about "*Pun qui aime, et l'autre qui se laisse aimer*;" about "*Pun qui baise et l'autre qui tend la joue*." Is it always so in this world? I could have beaten myself for having interfered at all in the matter. Why should anybody ever interfere? Life is hard enough, without any assistance to make it worse.

Lady Isabella herself came in late, when, fortunately, I was alone; and she was in a very different mood. She came in, and gave a curious humorous glance round the room, and then sat down in the chair by the window, where she had sat the day before, and asked Colonel Brentford for that rose.

"Is it possible it has been and is over," she said, in her mocking way; "that great, wonderful event, to which I looked forward so much? It happened just here: and yet the place is exactly the same. How funny it is when one thinks it is over! and yet feels oneself exactly like what one was before——"

"You are not sorry, then?" I cried, not knowing what to say.

"Sorry, oh no," she said with momentary fervour: and then blushed scarlet. "On the contrary, I am very glad. It proved to me—I got all I wanted.—I am quite pleased with myself. I can't have been such a fool after all; for—he is not clever you know—but he is a man a woman need not be ashamed to have been in love with: and that is saying a great deal."

"And is it only a 'have been'?" said I; for after all when one had taken so much trouble it was hard that nothing should come of it. One felt as if one had been labouring in vain.

"Indeed, I should hope so!" cried Lady Isabella, getting up and drawing her shawl round her hastily. "You surely did not think that I meant anything more. I am in a great hurry, I have only a few minutes to spare; and thank you, good friend, I have had my whim, and I am satisfied. I don't feel at all ashamed of having been fond of him—once."

And with these words she ran away, silencing all questions. Was this indeed all? Was it a mere whim? To tell the truth, when I tried to put myself in her position, it seemed to me much wiser of Lady Isabella to let it end so. She was very well off and comfortable: she had come to an age when one likes to have one's own way, and does not care to adopt the habits of others; and what an immense *bouleversement* it would be if she

should marry and break up that pleasant house, and throw herself upon all the chances of married life, abandoning Mrs. Spencer, who was as good as married to her, and who, no doubt, calculated on her society all her life. I said to myself — if I were Lady Isabella! And then there was the great chance, the almost certainty that he would never attempt to carry it any farther. He was a young-looking man, and no doubt (though it is very odd to me how they can do it) he felt himself rather on the level of a girl of twenty than of a woman of thirty-five. He had been a good deal startled and touched by the meeting, which was not wonderful, but he had returned to Edith's side all the same; and, no doubt, that was where he would stay. Edith was very young, and her parents were poor, and the best thing for her would be to marry a man who was able to take care of her, and make her very comfortable, and to whom, in return, she would be entirely devoted. Edith could consent to be swallowed up in him altogether, and to have no life but that of her husband; and except by means of a husband who was well off the poor child never was likely to do anything for herself or her family, but would have to live a life of hard struggling with poverty and premature acquaintance with care. This was of course the point of view from which the matter should be regarded. To Lady Isabella Colonel Brentford's means or position were unnecessary. She was very well off, very fully established in the world without him. And she could not be swallowed up in him, and renounce everything that was her own to become his wife. She was an independent being, with a great many independent ways and habits. It was better for him, better for her, better for Edith that nothing should come of this meeting; and yet — how foolish one is about such matters: what vain fancies come into one's head!

Everything sank into its ordinary calm, however, from that day. I did not see Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella for a week after, and then they were exactly as they had always been. Lady Isabella made no remark to me of any kind on the subject, but Mrs. Spencer took me aside to give me her opinion. "I am so glad to tell you," she said, "that your little inadvertence has done no harm. Oh, I forgot: it was not an inadvertence on your part, but my own fault for not telling you. It has done no harm, I am so glad to say. Isabella seems to have quite settled down again. I don't believe she has given him another thought.

Of course it was a shock just at the moment. But you must not blame yourself, indeed you must not. Probably she would have met him somewhere sooner or later. I really feel quite glad that it is over; and it has done her no harm."

This was all I gained by my exertions; and I made a resolution that I would certainly never be persuaded to do anything of that kind again. For, indeed, it had complicated my relations with various people. What could I do, for instance, about the Bellingers? In the meantime I simply dropped them, after having rushed into such an appearance of intimacy. If anybody else had done it, I should have been indignant; but how could I help myself? I could not have Edith in my house and see him wooing her, after having taken such an interest in the other side. I could not insult Lady Isabella by letting that go on under her very eyes. And though I wondered sometimes what the respectable Major would think, and whether poor dear Mrs. Bellinger would be wounded, I had not the fortitude to do anything else. I simply dropped them: it was the only thing I could do.

And then the winter came on all at once, which was a sort of excuse. There was a week or two of very bad weather and I caught cold, and was very glad of it, for, of course, nobody could expect me to drive to Royalborough in my little open carriage with a bad cold, through the rain and wind. A very dreary interval of dead quiet to me, and miserable weather, followed this little burst of excitement. I felt sore about it altogether, as a matter in which I had somehow been to blame, and which was a complete failure — to say the least. One day when I had been out for half an hour's walk in the middle of the day, Colonel Brentford called, but the card which I found on my table was the only enlightenment this brought me, and my cold kept me away from all the society on the Green for six weeks, during which time I had no information on the subject. Sometimes, as usual, I saw Lady Isabella, but there was no change in her. She had quite settled down again, was the same as ever, and Mrs. Spencer had ceased to keep any watch upon her. And so it was all over, as a tale that is told.

The first time I was out after my influenza was at Lady Denzil's, where to my surprise, I found Edith Bellinger. She scarcely looked at me, and it was with some difficulty I got our slender thread of acquaintance renewed. Her mother, she



thanked me, was better; her father was quite well; they had been sorry to hear of my cold; yes, of course it was a long way to drive. Such was the fashion of Edith's talk; and I acknowledged to myself that it was perfectly just.

"Your mamma must think it very strange that I have never gone to see her again," I was beginning to say, feeling uncomfortable and guilty —

"I don't suppose she has thought about it," Edith said hastily; and then she stopped short and blushed. "I beg your pardon, I did not mean to be rude."

"You are quite right," I said — "not in being rude, but in feeling as you do. I seem to have been very capricious and unfriendly, but I have been ill; and you do not look quite so well yourself as when I saw you last."

"Oh, I am well enough," said the girl; and then those quick youthful tears of self-compassion which lie so near the surface came rushing to her eyes. "It is nothing, I — I am not very strong; and Lady Denzil, who is always kind, has asked me here for change of air."

"Poor child," I said, "tell me what is the matter?" But I was not to learn at this moment at least. Colonel Brentford, whom I had not seen till now, came forward and bent over her.

"They are going to sing something, and they want you to take part. I have come for you," he said.

He looked down upon her quite tenderly, and held out his hand to help her to rise. Yes, of course, that was how it must have ended. It was all settled, of that I could have no doubt. I looked at them with, I fear, a look that had some pain and some pity in it, as they left me; and when I withdrew my eyes from them, my look met Lady Isabella's, who was seated at the other side of the room. She had her usual half-mocking, half-kindly smile on her lips, but it looked to me set and immovable, as if she had been painted so and could not change; and she was pale — surely she was pale. It troubled me sadly, and all the more that I dared not say a word to any one, dared not even make any manifestation of sympathy to herself. She had chosen to renew her old acquaintance with him, had chosen to break down the barrier which sympathizing friends had raised round her, and to meet him with all freedom as if he was totally indifferent to her. This had been her own choice; and now, to be sure, she had to look on, and see all there might be to be seen.

But he was very civil to me when he chanced to be thrown near me. He said, in a much more friendly tone than poor Edith's, that Mrs. Bellinger had been sorry to hear of my cold; that he hoped I should soon be able to go and see her; and when I said that Edith did not look strong, he shook his head. "She is rather wilful, and does not know her own mind," he said, and I thought he sighed. Was it that she could not make up her mind to accept him? Was it — But speculation was quite useless, and there was no information to be got out of his face.

A little after this I went to see Mrs. Bellinger, but was coldly received. Edith was not quite well, she said; she had been doing too much, and had gone away for thorough change. Colonel Brentford? Oh, he had gone to visit his brother, Sir Charles Brentford, in Devonshire. Edith was in Devonshire, too, — at Torquay.

"They are a little afraid of her lungs," Mrs. Bellinger said. "Oh, not I; I don't think there is very much the matter; but still they are afraid — and of course it is better to prevent than to cure —"

It seemed to me a heartless way for a mother to speak, and I was discouraged by my reception. When I came away I made up my mind not to take so much trouble again. Perhaps I had been mistaken in them at first, or perhaps — but then, to be sure, I had another motive, and that existed no longer. It was my fault more than theirs.

I heard no more of the Bellingers nor much more of Colonel Brentford for a long time after this. He, to be sure, went and came, as the other officers did, to one house and another, and I met him from time to time, and exchanged three words with him, but no more. And Lady Isabella made no reference whatever to that agitating moment when I, too, had a share in her personal history. Even Mrs. Spencer seemed to have forgotten all about it. Their house was more exquisite than ever that winter. They had built a new conservatory, which opened from the ante-room, and was full of the most bright, beautiful flowers — forced, artificial things to be sure, they were, blooming long before their season, but still very lovely to look at in those winter days. The large drawing-room and the ante-room, and the conservatory at the end of all, was as warm and fragrant and soft and delicious as if it had been fairy land, — the temperature so equable; everything so soft to tread on, to sit on, to look at. It was a little drawing-room paradise —

an Eden, with Turkey carpets instead of turf, and the flowers all in pots instead of growing free. And here Lady Isabella would sit, with that touch of mockery in her laugh, with little gibes at most people and most things, not quite so friendly or gentle as they once were. Now and then, I have thought, she cast a wistful glance at the door; now and then, her spirits were fitful, her face paler than usual—but she had never been more lively or more bright.

It was past Christmas, and already a pale glimmer of spring was in the air, when this little episode showed signs of coming to its conclusion. I remember the day quite distinctly—a pale day in the beginning of February, when everything was quite destitute of colour. The sky was grey and so was the grass, and the skeletons of the trees stood bleak against the dullness. It was the kind of afternoon when one is glad to hear any news, good or bad,—anything that will quicken the blood a little, and restore to the nervous system something like its usual tone.

This stimulus was supplied to us by the entrance of Lucy Stoke—very important, and bursting with the dignity of a secret. She kept it in painfully for the first two minutes, moved chiefly by her reverential admiration for the fine furniture, the beautiful room, the atmosphere of splendour about her. But I was there, unfortunately, of whom Lucy was not afraid. It was to me, accordingly, that the revelation burst forth.

"Oh, Mrs. Musgrave," she said, "you know her! Who do you think I met going down to Lady Denzil's, in a white bonnet,—though it's such a dismal day,—and a blue dress—quite light blue—the dress she went away in, I should think?"

"A bride, I suppose," I said; "but whom!—I don't remember any recent bride."

"Oh, yes, I *know* you know her! Young Mrs. Brentford—Edith Bellinger that was."

"Edith Bellinger!" I cried, with a sudden pang. It was nothing to me. I had no reason to suppose it was anything to anybody, but yet—

"It must have been the dress she went away in," said Lucy: "blue trimmed with bands of satin and fringe, and a white bonnet with blue flowers. It was very becoming to her. But fancy, only three weeks married, and coming to see Lady Denzil alone!"

"And so she is Mrs. Brentford," said

Mrs. Spencer, with a tone of genuine satisfaction. She would have suffered herself to be cut in little pieces for Lady Isabella, she would have done anything for her—but she was glad, unfeignedly thankful and relieved, to feel that this danger was past.

And Lucy, well pleased, ran on for ten minutes or more. It felt like ten hours. When she went away at last, Mrs. Spencer went with her to the door, to hear further particulars. All this time Lady Isabella had never said a word. She was in the shade, and her face was not very distinctly visible. When they left the room, she rose all at once, pulling herself up by the arms of her chair. Such a change had come upon her face that I was frightened. Every vestige of colour had left her cheek; her lip was parched, and tightly drawn across her teeth. She laughed as she got up from the chair.

"We were all wishing for something to stir us up," she said; "but I never hoped for anything so exciting as Mrs. Brentford's blue dress."

"Where are you going?" I said in sudden terror.

"Upstairs—only upstairs. Where should I go?" she said, with that short hard laugh. "Tell Mrs. Spencer—something. I have gone to fetch—Mrs. Brentford's blue dress."

Oh, how that laugh pained me! I would rather, a thousand times rather, have heard her cry. She went away like a ghost, without any noise; and Mrs. Spencer, full of thanksgiving, came back.

"Where is Isabella? Oh, Mrs. Musgrave, I can't tell you what a relief this news is," she said. "I have always been so dreadfully afraid. Of course, anything that was for her happiness I would have put up with; but this would not have been for her happiness. She is no longer young, you know—her habits are all formed—and, even though she was fond of him once, how could she have taken up a man's ways, and adapted herself? It would never have done—it would never have done! I am so thankful he is married, and that danger past."

For my part, I could not make any answer. Perhaps Mrs. Spencer was right—perhaps, in the long run, it would be better so; but, in the meantime, I could not forget Lady Isabella's face. I went home, feeling I cannot tell how sad. It was all so perfectly natural and to be expected. The hardest things in this world are the things that are to be expected. Of course I had felt sure when I saw

them together that it was the little girl who would be the victor in any such struggle. And Lady Isabella had not attempted any struggle. She had stood aside and looked on; though, perhaps, she had hoped that the old love would have counted for something in the man's heart. But I said to myself that I had always known better. What was old love, with all its associations, in comparison with the little peachy cheek and childish ways of a girl of seventeen? I despised the man for it, of course; but I suppose it was natural all the same.

## CHAPTER V.

I WAS sitting next day by myself, with my mind full of all these thoughts, when I was suddenly roused by a shadow which flitted across the light, and then by the sound of some one knocking at the window which opened into my garden. I looked up hurriedly, and saw Lady Isabella. She was very pale, yet looked breathless, as if she had been running. She made me a hasty imperative gesture to open, and when I had done so, came in without suffering me to shut the window. "Mrs. Musgrave," she said, panting between the words, "I have a very strange — request — to make. I want to speak with — some one — for ten minutes — alone. May we — come — here? I have nothing to conceal — from you. It is *him*; — he has something — to say to me — for the last time."

"Lady Isabella ——" I said.

"Don't — say anything. It is strange — I know — but it must be; for the last time."

She did not seem able to stand for another moment. She sank down into the nearest chair, making a great effort to command herself. "Dear Mrs. Musgrave — please call him," she cried, faintly: "he is there. It will only be for ten minutes — there is something to explain."

I went out into the garden, and called him. He looked as much agitated as she did, and I went round the house, and through the kitchen-door with a sense of bewilderment which I could not put into words. Edith Bellinger's bridegroom! What could he have to explain? What right had he to seek her, to make any private communications? I felt indignant with him, and impatient with her. Then I went into the dining-room and waited. My dining-room windows commanded the road, and along this I could see Mrs. Spencer walking in her quick, alert way. She was coming towards my

house, in search, probably, of her companion. There was something absurd in the whole business, and yet the faces of the two I had just left were too tragical to allow any flippancy on the part of the spectator. Mrs. Spencer came direct to my door as I supposed, and I had to step out and stop the maid, who was about to usher her into the drawing-room where those two were. Mrs. Spencer was a little excited too.

"Have you seen Isabella?" she said. "She was only about half-a-dozen yards behind me, round the corner at the Lodge; and when I turned to look for her she was gone. She could not have dropped into the earth, you know, and I know she would never have gone to the Lodge. Is she here? It has given me quite a turn, as the maids say. She cannot have vanished altogether, like a fairy. She was too substantial for that."

"She will be here directly," said I; "she is speaking to some one in the other room."

"Speaking — to some one! You look very strange, Mrs. Musgrave, and Isabella has been looking very strange. Who is she speaking to? I am her nearest friend and I ought to know."

"Yes," I said, "you ought to know, that is certain — but wait, only wait, ten minutes — that was the time she said."

And then we two sat and looked at each other, not knowing what to think. I knew scarcely more than she did, but the little that I knew made me only the more anxious. If his wife should hear of it — if Lady Isabella were to betray herself, compromise herself! And then what was the good of it all? No explanation could annul a fact, and the less explanation the better between a married man and his former love. This feeling made me wretched as the time went on. Time seems so doubly long when one is waiting, and especially when one is waiting for the result of some private, secret, mysterious interview. The house was so quiet. The maids moving about the kitchen, the chirp of the sparrows outside, the drip — drip of a shower, which was just over from the eaves. All these sounds made the silence deeper, especially as there was no sound from that mysterious room.

"The ten minutes are long past," said Mrs. Spencer. "I don't understand what all this mystery can mean. It is more like an hour, I think."

"Oh, do you think so?" said I, though I fully agreed with her. "When one is

waiting, time looks so long. She will be here directly. I hear her now; — that was her voice."

And so it certainly was. But everything became silent again the next instant. It was a sharp exclamation,—sudden and high; and then we heard no more.

"I cannot wait any longer," said Mrs. Spencer. "I don't know what this can mean; I must have an explanation. Mrs. Musgrave, if you will not come with me, I will go myself to Isabella. I don't understand what she can mean."

"I will go," said I; and we rose at the same moment, and hurried to the door. But we had not time to open it when a sudden sound was audible, which arrested us both. The door of the other room was opened, voices came towards us—two voices, and then a laugh. Was it Lady Isabella's laugh? Mrs. Spencer drew near me, and pinched my arm violently. "Is it Isabella? What, oh, what can it mean?" she said, with a look of terror. And then the door was thrown suddenly open, driving us back as we stood in our consternation within.

It was Lady Isabella who stood before us, and yet it was not the Lady Isabella I had ever known. When Mrs. Spencer saw her she gave a suppressed groan, and sat down suddenly on the nearest chair. This Lady Isabella was leaning on Colonel Brentford's arm. Her face was flushed and rosy; her eyes shining like stars, yet full of tears; dimples I had never seen before were in her cheeks and about her mouth. She was radiant, she was young, she was running over with joy and happiness. In her joy and triumph she did not notice, I suppose, the sudden despair of her friend. "I have come to tell you," she said hastily, "he never meant it. It is all over. Oh, do you understand? All this cloud that has lasted for ten years, that has come between us and the skies—it is all over, all over. He never meant it. Do you understand?"

Mrs. Spencer stood up tottering, looking like a ghost. "Isabella! I thought you had forgotten him. I thought it was this that was all over. I thought you were content —"

Lady Isabella gave her a look of that supreme happiness which is not considerate of other people's feelings. "I am content now," she said, clasping her hands upon Colonel Brentford's arm, "more than content."

Mrs. Spencer answered with a bitter cry. "Then I am nothing to her, nothing to her!" she said.

It was at this moment that I interfered. I could keep silence no longer. I put myself between the two who were so happy, and the one who was so miserable. "Before another word is said, I must have this explained to me," I said. "He is Edith Bellinger's husband. And this is my house —"

He interrupted me, hurriedly, "I am no one's husband but hers," he said. "You have been mistaken. Edith Bellinger has married my brother. There is no woman to me in the world but Isabella—never has been—never could be, though I lived a hundred years."

"And it is you who have brought us together," cried Lady Isabella, suddenly throwing her arms round me. "God bless you for it! I should never have known, it would never have been possible, but for you."

And he came to me and took both my hands. "God bless you for it, I say, too! We might have been two forlorn creatures all our lives, but for you."

I was overwhelmed with their thanks, with the surprise, and the shock. If I had done anything to bring this about, I had done it in ignorance; but they surrounded me so with their joy and their gratitude, and the excitement of the revolution which had happened in them, that it was some minutes before I could think of anything else. And there was so much to be explained. But when I recovered myself so far as to look round and think of the other who did not share in their joy, I found she was gone. She had disappeared while they were thanking me, while I was expressing my wonder and my good wishes. None of us had either heard or seen her departure, but she was gone.

"Was Mrs. Spencer to blame?" I asked, with some anxiety, when the tumult had subsided a little, and they had seated themselves like ordinary mortals, and begun to accustom themselves to their delight. "Had she anything to do with the quarrel between you?"

"Nothing at all," said Lady Isabella. "She never saw George till she saw him in your house."

"When you asked me for that rose —" said he. "The rose you used to be so fond of; and I felt as if the skies had opened —"

"You turned your back upon them all the same," she said, with the laugh that had suddenly become so joyous. They had forgotten everything but themselves and the new story of their reconciliation, which I suppose the old story of their es-

trangement that they were reconsidering made doubly sweet.

"But about Mrs. Spencer?" I said.

"Poor Mrs. Spen! she had got to be so fond of me. She thought we were to spend all our lives together," said Lady Isabella, with momentary gravity; and then the smile crept once more about the corners of her mouth, and the dimples which had been hidden all these years disclosed themselves, and her face warmed into sunshine as she turned to him. This was my fate whenever I tried to bring back the conversation to Mrs. Spencer; who, poor soul, had disappeared like a shadow before that sunshine. I was glad, for their sakes, to see them so happy; but still I could not but feel that it was hard to have given your life and love for years and to be rewarded at the end by that "poor Mrs. Spen."

The news made a great commotion through all Dinglefield, and Mrs. Spencer did not make so much difficulty about it as I fancied she would. The marriage was from her house, and she took a great deal of trouble, and no mother could have been more careful and tender about a bride. But she made no fuss, poor soul—she had not the heart; and though I don't like fuss, I missed it in this case, and felt that it was a sign how deep the blow had gone. Even Lady Isabella, pre-occupied as she was, felt it. She had not realized it perhaps—few people do. We are all in the habit of laughing at the idea of friendships so close and exacting, espe-

cially when they exist between women. But to Mrs. Spencer it was as if life itself had gone from her. Her companion had gone from her, the creature she loved best. Next to a man's wife deserting him, or a woman's husband, I know nothing more hard. Her pretty house, her flowers, her perfect comfort and grace of life palled upon her. She had kept them up chiefly, I think, for the young woman who, she had thought, poor soul, was wedded to her for life. Perhaps it was a foolish thought, perhaps it might be a little selfish to try to keep Colonel Brentford away. I suppose to be married is the happiest; but still I was very very sorry, grieved more than I can say, for the woman who was forsaken; though she was only forsaken by another woman and not by a man.

However, that, I fear, is a sentiment in which I should find few sympathizers. The Brentfords took a place in the neighbourhood, and I believe Lady Isabella was a very happy wife. As for poor little Edith Bellinger, she had married the Colonel's elder brother, Sir Charles, and was Lady Brentford, to her great astonishment and that of everybody about. It had been her doubt and reluctance, poor child, to marry a man older than her father, which had made her ill. I think her mother missed her almost as much as Mrs. Spencer missed Lady Isabella. For every new tie that is made in this world some old ties must be broken. But what does that matter? Is it not the course of nature and the way of the world?

*Inca Skulls.*—It would appear from a letter of Herr Gratian, of Brunswick, to Chevalier von Haidinger, of Vienna, that the above subject has engrossed the attention of the former of these two savans. The following is an extract:—"With regard to my palæontological researches, I beg to inform you that they are at present in a somewhat modern direction. The exploration of beds containing fossil bones, especially of the period of the mammoth, the cave-bear, &c., as well as the search after implements of the stone period, combined with cave-studies, form now my chief occupation. I have here explored a bed which has already yielded interesting results. The acquisitions of last year include two Inca skulls from Chincha Alta, which are in a condition quite as described by Morton, and are especially distinguished by the vertical descent of the occipital bone. These skulls were, besides other curiosities, presented to me by the commander of the North German frigate *Neptune*, who obtained them at the

Huacas. There is a peculiar interest attached to them in as far as these skulls were brought to the surface in consequence of the earthquake on the Peruvian coast, which happened in the month of August, 1868."

Mittheilungen der Anthropologischen Gesellschaft in Wien.

*The Chemistry of Compressed Leather.*—In "Dingler's Journal" for December Dr. Dingler states that offal of leather, cuttings, and scraps are first cleansed from dirt and dust, then soaked in water containing 1 per cent of sulphuric acid, until the material becomes soft and plastic, next compressed into the shape of blocks, dried by steam, and lastly rolled out in mills. In order to soften the mass, 1 lb. of glycerine is added to 100 lbs. of material. The leather thus again obtained is applicable for the inner soles of boots, &c.



From The Argosy.

# ON MOSAIC.

THE great value of Mosaic consists in its indestructibility. The most carefully prepared pigments fade; fresco is affected by damp, and easily injured by accidents. The finest works of Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and other great masters, are gradually becoming effaced, or clouded in obscurity. A few more generations, and copies more or less imperfect, engravings, and photographs, will be all that remain to verify the tradition of glories that have been; the glow of colour and richness of tone, even now deepening into hues too sombre, will be things of the past.

Mosaic is, as far as human work can go, permanent. Not being merely superficial, the surface may be injured with impunity. Ground down and repolished, the picture reappears in its pristine beauty, all its colours fresh and pure, as when first it left the atelier of the artist.

Had the ancients given as much attention to perfecting the art of working in mosaic as they did to the kindred arts, what invaluable records would have remained to us! The works of Apelles and Zeuxis, had they been imitated in paste, would have become imperishable possessions, and the state of painting in the palmy days of Greece have been no longer a matter of speculation.

It seems that amongst the ancients mosaic was applied merely to decorative purposes; and in Greece, as far as we know, its use was restricted to those pavements called "Lithostrata." Pliny mentions an artist of the name of Sosus, who attained to the greatest excellence in this kind of work. He laid down a pavement at Pergamus, known as the "Asarotus æcus," "the house that has no sweeping," where the remnants of a banquet were represented lying on the floor so naturally, that they had all the appearance of having been left there by accident. There was also a dove imitated in the act of drinking, with the shadow of its head thrown upon the water, and other birds, pluming and sunning themselves on the margin of a bowl. This pavement was considered a marvel in the art of mosaic at that day.

Mosaic work was introduced into Rome in the time of Sylla. A pavement in tesserae was laid down under his direction in the Temple of Fortune, at Præneste. Roman mosaic work was constructed in four different styles — the *opus vermiculatum*, the *opus sectile*, the *opus tessellatum*, and the *opus musivum*. The first three are only suited to pavements, or decorative panels, or

borders, being merely a regular arrangement of small stones, or tesserae, in geometrical or other figures. The *opus musivum* was the pictorial mosaic, in which natural objects were represented, and paintings copied.

The word mosaic is said to be derived from the Latin *musivus*. By the French it has been called indifferently mosaic and musaic. The ancient Romans were accustomed to erect pavilions, or summer-houses, in their gardens, where they placed the interesting or curious objects they happened to collect. These pavilions were dedicated to the Muses, and were generally decorated with tessellated pavements and panels. Hence, from the same source, our museum and mosaic.

Pliny observes that, in his time, mosaics had "left the ground for the arched roofs of houses." These more elaborate mosaics were composed of glass; work in this material was then a new invention. The Egyptians of Alexandria were especially skilful in glass work, and in a peculiar kind of small mosaic, a fine specimen of which is amongst the gems in the British Museum. It represents a winged goddess, kneeling, on a ground of blue. The effect is that of an exquisitely-painted miniature, and if the back of this little slab had been polished, as well as the face, it might perhaps never have been recognized as mosaic.

The manner in which the Egyptians produced these miniature mosaics is curious. King thus describes the process: — "A number of fine glass rods, of the colours required, were arranged together in a bundle in such a way that their ends represented the outline and shades of the object to be depicted, as a bird, or a flower, exactly as is practised at present in the manufacture of Tunbridge ware. This bundle was next enclosed in a coating of glass, of a single colour, usually an opaque blue; then the whole mass, being fused together sufficiently to unite all the rods into one compact body, was drawn out to the proper diameter. Thus the rods all became equally attenuated, without losing their relative positions, and the surrounding case of glass, when the whole mass was cut through at certain intervals, formed the ground of a miniature mosaic, apparently composed of the minutest tesserae, put together with inconceivable dexterity and niceness of touch."

It is needless to dwell upon the oft-repeated tale of the decline and renaissance of art; of course mosaic shared the fate of painting and sculpture, and revived

with them; though, as was natural, it followed rather than preceded the revival of painting. The church of San Marco, at Venice, is a perfect museum of mosaics, where its history and progress may be traced from the earliest time downwards. There it may be seen in every stage of progress, from the curiously stiff drawing and quaint conceits of the Greek artists from Byzantium, to the expressive and beautiful works of the Zuccati.

In 1225 the works of the Greek artists, at first so much prized, were already surpassed by the Tuscan, Fra Jacopo, or Fra Mino da Turrita, belonging to the order of Minor Friars. He was considered in his day the best living mosaicist, and executed works both in Florence and Rome. At this date there was already a school of mosaicists at Rome, in which the family of Cosmati acquired their excellence.

Lorenzo di Medici was an admirer of mosaic—as of all other forms of art—and wished to introduce it into more general use. In a conversation with a Florentine painter of the name of Graffione, Lorenzo mentioned his intention of having a large cupola ornamented with mosaic. The painter replied that he did not think there were artists equal to the task.

“We have money enough to make them,” replied Lorenzo.

Graffione still doubted; but his patron persevered, and entrusted the proposed work to the miniature-painter, Gherardo, who lost no time in producing a specimen, choosing for his subject a head of San Zenobio. This pleased Lorenzo so much that he determined to have the chapel of San Zenobio at Florence enlarged, and decorated with mosaics by Gherardo. He associated with him, however, Dominico Ghirlandajo, who had more invention; and thus the work proceeded satisfactorily.

The next to interest himself deeply in the subject of mosaic was Titian, who furnished designs for the skilful mosaic-workers who were then uprising throughout Italy. It is partly, no doubt, if not principally, to the guidance and encouragement of this great man that we owe the fine works left by Vincenzo Bianchini and Francesco and Valerio Zuccati, sons of Titian's first master. The Judgment of Solomon, in the portico of San Marco, is one of the finest specimens of the mosaic of this period. It is “so beautiful,” says Vassari, “that it could scarcely be executed more delicately with the pencil and colours.”

Since that time, mosaic has been brought

more and more into use. It is at present divided into two kinds—the Florentine and the Roman. The Florentine work is in real stone. At first, only black, white, and gray were used, the figures being thus represented in simple *chiaro oscuro*. But about the year 1563, in the time of Duke Cosmo de Medici, many veins of rich marble were discovered near Florence.

This discovery gave a new impetus to the workers in mosaic, who were, by means of these marbles, enabled to imitate the colours as well as the forms of the objects they wished to represent. To these were added lapis lazuli, agates, and even precious stones. When the latter are used, they are sawed into thin laminae, and applied like veneer.

In the execution of this description of mosaic, a slab of marble of the requisite size is prepared for the ground. On this the design is traced; then small cavities are chiselled out, and into these pieces of the requisite colour are introduced. They are fastened into their places by cement, or mastic. The French have also adopted this plan. Though beautiful decorative works may be produced in the Florentine mosaic, it is not so suitable for the imitation of paintings as the Roman. The natural stones are neither sufficiently various nor sufficiently delicate in tint.

The Roman mosaic is executed in coloured glass, of which no less than 10,000 different tints are required and produced. The colour is added when the glass is in a state of fusion. When thoroughly mixed, the liquid is taken out with a large wooden-handled iron ladle, and poured upon a slab of smooth, flat marble. As it cools, it is flattened by the application of another piece of marble, until the mass is an inch or more in thickness. Before the glass cools sufficiently to become hard, it is cut into pieces of the required size and shape by a sharp iron tool. When quite cold, the pieces are placed in a box, each tint having a separate compartment.

Gold and silver are frequently introduced into mosaic. These are prepared as follows: Pieces of yellow glass are moistened with gum-water, and to these gold or silver leaf is applied. The gilded glass is then placed upon an iron shovel at the entrance of the furnace; when it becomes red, it is withdrawn. This process renders the gilding so secure that it is as permanent as the glass itself, and resists any atmospheric influence to which it may be exposed.

A frame is next prepared of the size of

the picture about to be imitated. On this is laid a cement, composed of a mixture of chalk, brick-dust, gum adragant, and white of egg. This forms the ground for the design. The same kind of cement is used to fasten the glass cubes in their places. These are arranged with small iron pincers, and beaten down into their places with a wooden ruler or mallet. The surface is thus rendered flat, and is afterwards polished in the same manner as plate glass.

For the small pictorial mosaics, the modern Roman process more nearly approaches that of ancient Alexandria. Small coloured rods are prepared from a kind of easily fusible glass or enamel. These are softened by the aid of a lamp, and then drawn out into a thread. This is broken off into the lengths required by the thickness of the intended picture. The ground consists of a sheet of copper, overlaid by cement, into which the glass threads are fixed. After the surface is ground and polished, the interstices are filled in with wax of a colour corresponding to the glass. Some interesting specimens of modern Roman mosaic, together with samples of the material, are to be seen in the Geological Museum, in Jermyn Street.

Mosaic copies of the large pictures that are now being made for St. Peter's, at Rome, have occupied from twelve to twenty years; and few even of the smaller copies can be produced in less than five or six. It is by no means such mechanical work as might at first be supposed. A knowledge of art is required, as well as great taste and judgment.

Amongst the modern mosaists of Rome, a lady—the Signora Isabella Barberi—is celebrated for her talent, both in design and execution. Her father, Signor Barberi, fell into bad health, when she undertook the direction of his studio; for in mosaic work, as in many other arts, there are portions that can be done by inferior hands, under skilful superintendence.

The Cavaliere Luigi Moglia is also an eminent mosaist; his copy of the Madonna della Seggiola, purchased by the Emperor of the French, is said to be one of the finest modern specimens of the art.

On account of the enormous time and expense required to produce a mosaic picture of any size, the work can never be undertaken with a view to profitable speculation. Such works can only be the

result of government patronage, or that of wealthy individuals.

It was not till about the year 1839 that attention was directed towards mosaic work in England. The invention of Mr. Prosser, who contrived a plan of preparing clay so as to form a perfectly uniform and hard substance, first led to it, though his invention was at the time only applied to the manufacture of buttons. Mr. Minton took it up, and turned Mr. Prosser's plan to more valuable use, by manufacturing encaustic tiles. It was farther carried out by Mr. Maw, assisted by Mr. Digby Wyatt; and these combined labours have resulted in the beautiful tessellated pavements now coming into such general use.

Pictorial mosaic is of still later introduction into this country, though so well adapted to resist the dampness of the climate. The great expense of this kind of work, however, almost precludes its use, except in public buildings. Mr. Penrose calculated that it would cost £50,000 to decorate St. Paul's with mosaic according to the original design of Sir Christopher Wren. These decorations have since been begun, and promise to be successfully carried out by the skill of English workmen. It has been thought advisable to avoid a double experiment at first; the materials have consequently been procured from the celebrated manufactory of Salviati, at Murano. The Mausoleum, at Windsor, is ornamented in a like manner with what may be called the Venetian mosaic.

When it was found that the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament were beginning to be affected by damp, it was resolved to carry on the decorations in the more durable material. One space—that over the door of the passage leading to the House of Lords—has already been filled in with a mosaic picture representing St. George. The height at which it is placed, and the deficiency of light, forbid examination into the details of workmanship, but the clearness and richness of tone, as compared with fresco, is obvious.

Mosaic work in *picta dura*, or natural stone, is now also practised in England. but it is, of course, subject to the same limitations as the Florentine work. Thus we may hope to see a school of mosaic successfully established in England, and no doubt at the forthcoming Exhibition, specimens of this beautiful art will form one of its attractions.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
IN QUEST OF DIAMONDS.

SINCE June, 1870, an endless stream of waggons, carts, and horse-traps has been flowing from the port of Durban, in the colony of Natal, to the diamond-fields, on the Vaal River, five hundred miles distant to the westward. These vehicles belong to parties of two or three or four, banded together in an industrial co-partnership for a period of several months. Men of all ranks and occupations have been smitten by the mania. Men whose fingers never handled any tool less delicate than a pen have gone cheerfully to work with picks and shovels in quest of the precious gems. Here is a group of four youths, who have left their office-stools and combined their savings, in order to purchase this handsome waggon and oxen, and fit it out with supplies for a twelvemonth's "dig." If they find nothing they will not starve, and on returning will betake themselves to their old employment; they will have had a year's adventurous life in the desert,—a year's hardening experience of manual labour. Here is a different party—an elderly man of magisterial presence; a younger man, of languid aspect and military air; a younger and a gayer still. The one has left his bench, the other his club: on diamond-searching bent. Their elements are less congruous than the other, and before the diamond-fields are reached a disruption will have taken place. Now we come to a huge travelling structure, a Noah's ark on wheels, dragged by twenty oxen, yoked two and two, and containing a party of eighteen men of a poorer order, who are unable to provide themselves with independent means of locomotion. Big as this travelling edifice is, it will reach its destination safely. A more original turn-out follows, in the shape of a Scotch cart drawn by eight donkeys, pulling cheerfully and well. An English boy of sixteen is in charge of this party, going, for the first time in his young life, out into the world on his own account. Such are but some of the types of travelling equipage one meets on the road to the diamond-fields.

We get our last look of Durban from the top of the Berea, a continuation of the bushy range that skirts the shore. Nineteen years ago, this bush was the resort alone of bucks and leopards, with occasionally an elephant or a lion of vagrant propensities. Houses, cottages, and gardens clothe the hill now, and even monkeys are retiring before the white man's advances. The deep sand of the road has

been hardened, and a toll-bar—true sign of civilization—erected.

By eight o'clock the sun is high, and the oxen look tired. They are let loose, and quietly wander off to graze, at their will, in the pastures that as yet are common to all. The fire is lighted, and the kettle placed thereon. From the waggon-chest in front canisters of coffee and sugar, bread, and other eatables are forthcoming. When the water boils coffee is thrown in by handfuls, a burning brand is stirred about in the kettle, and the beverage is complete. The Kafir drivers consume vast portions of stirabout made of maize-meal and water—porridge, in other words—the staple of their daily food, and nutritious in an eminent degree. We, too, take our share of the aliment, adding thereto sugar, and milk when we can get it. What bread is to the Englishman, potatoes to the Irishman, macaroni to the Italian, rice to the Hindoo, such is maize-meal to the Zulu Kafir and to the Anglo-African.

Deliciously blue seems the sky, as lying on our backs under a spreading fig-tree, we see it through the rustling leaves; the eager chatter of the Kafirs round their pot, and the barking of dogs at a home-stead near, are the only audible sounds. After a two hours' rest the oxen are brought up again, lazily enough—each has a name, and knows it: they are ranged in order, as they stand in the team; thongs are thrown round their wide-branching horns; by two and two they are brought out and yoked together, until the long line is complete. Then the big whip is taken down from the side of the wagon; the sjambok or short lash of sea-cowhide is seized, the word "yek" (I give it phonetically) is screeched out, crack goes the whip, thud goes the sjambok, and with a sleepy groan the slow vehicle moves away. Our first "outspan," as these stoppages or stages are called, is over.

After a few miles the aspect of the country changes. Its pleasant park-like character—so varied by tree and shrub, so broken by glade and gorge, by white sandstone precipices, in whose chinks and crannies bushes find footing, and by musical streams flowing deep-hidden amidst leaf-thrown shadows—ceases. We round "Cowie's Hill," from which the eye wanders delightedly over a rare panoramic expanse of land and sea, and pass through a more open basin, where Pinetown lies. A sprinkling of houses forms this township. In that little church many a fierce battle has been fought between the adher-

ents of our redoubtable bishop and his opponents. The building was once stormed, and the communion-plate removed bodily. On another occasion a personal encounter took place, and a churchwarden lost a part of his beard. Where that large house now stands once stood a fastness, Fort Funk, put up hastily by the surrounding settlers on a sudden alarm, such as that I have already narrated. Happily for the residents the only battles that have been waged here have been the bloodless ones of controversy, and even now the embers of the strife are by no means extinct.

Beyond Pinetown rises another long flat hill—the top of a plateau in fact.

South African weather is very capricious, and the range of its action very partial. On getting to the summit-level, we seemed to have reached another latitude. The roads are so soft and muddy by the surrounding settlers on a sudden alarm, such as that I have already narrated. Happily for the residents the only battles that have been waged here have been the bloodless ones of controversy, and even now the embers of the strife are by no means extinct.

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Now begins the other side of waggon-travelling. Without the waggon all is wet and muddy—within all is close and dirty. The oxen labour wearily through the deep, heavy clay of the roads. At last we reach another waggon in great distress. The wheels on one side have sunk above the naves into a rut of exceptional depth, and that melancholy but common experience, a “stickfast,” has occurred. It is an open, untented transport-waggon, heavily laden with iron and beer. The big, ponderous casks have all been unloaded, and our aid is enlisted to help our neighbour out of his trouble. Making up our minds to halt for the night, we “outspan,” and join our oxen to those of the other waggon. By dint of lashing and shrieking, the thirty-six beasts are at last prevailed on to drag the stranded vehicle out of its resting-place on to harder ground. The oxen are then set adrift, and we employ the afternoon in helping to load up again the released waggon. This operation will be repeated very many times ere we reach the diamond-fields. Waggon-travellers even more than mariners are dependent upon such mutual offices of friendly service. Your neighbour's case may be your own to-morrow, as it was ours on many a weary occasion before the goal was reached.

The next morning breaks brightly. Lingered later than usual, so as to let the sun do its work upon the roads, we creep on again. Waggons piled high with

wool and skins troop past us. These are the produce of the far plains to which we are going. Of late years the skins of the quaggas, gnus, wildebeestes and antelopes which course in countless thousands over the deserts of the interior, have been found to bear a marketable value, and year by year sees larger and larger quantities mown down by hunters who make a trade of the sport. If this pursuit goes on at its present rate of increase, the traditional game-swarms of South Africa will gradually be swept away.

Scarcely a house is now passed for miles. The remains of a stable are visible, where, in the old days, when travelling this road on horseback, I once found a night's shelter, sharing a bundle of hay with a small family of pups. On through sticky roads, over wide grassy plains, until another range of hills is met. From the top of these, grand landscapes are stretched out. The road, mostly scarped out of the hillside, follows a ridge, on one side of which sinks a region of chaotic grandeur, the vast Inanda basin, walled in by great precipices, and filled with hills tossed and torn by the action of water in remote ages into every imaginable form. Each of the innumerable glades that streak the slopes is a botanical study. Hard work it is to get into them; when there you are amply repaid. In some, tremendous masses of primary rock torn from the hills above are tumbled together. Trees and shrubs spring out of their interstices, and under them, in the damp gloom, are natural ferneries. More picturesque yet, are enormous boulders and spires of rock crowning the top of a lofty hill, and bearing on their pinnacles, balanced with wonderful exactitude, other, but loose, masses of granite. From below, they look as if they were stones pitched up there by some playful Titan, but they are in point of fact protrusions from which the surrounding formation has been washed away. Some are ninety feet high and more. The fragments superimposed, which from a distance look ready to tumble at a touch, may be handled by twenty stalwart men without shifting an inch. Once, when stopping for health's sake at the comfortable “half-way inn” that nestles among these hills, I heard, one Easter Sunday, the service of the Church read from one of these singular rocks. All round spread the majestic outlines of this rugged scenery; mountains sixty miles distant might be seen piercing the horizon; not a trace of man's presence was apparent to the eye, but the solemnity of this



"temple not made with hands" surpassed aught that man's genius has created.

There are eight miles of this kind of country to be traversed ere we reach again the open savannahs, heaving around like an ocean of waving grass, and only disclosing at distant intervals a solitary farmstead. The broken region we have passed is a Kafir location, sacred to native dwellers: for in this land of fair dealing between race and race, large tracts of country are alienated by law for the sole use and benefit of the coloured inhabitants. These wild places are the Kafir's paradise. He plants his kraal on the ridge of a secondary spur, and let his wives cultivate the slopes. His cattle, well-beloved, find pasture enough in the open spaces, and in the thick jungle of the valleys the bucks he loves to hunt find cover. Nature has walled him in with precipices; what more does he want? What greater measure of absolute happiness, one is often driven to ask, can civilization secure to these so-called barbarians?

After three days' steady travelling, a loftier and darker range of hills rise before us. A table-topped mountain, inaccessible, save at one narrow point, seems to keep us company. It is refreshing to come again upon woodland vegetation in the shape of mimosa-bushes, that thickly and sweetly scent a valley near Maritzburg. It is also pleasant to pass more frequently snug little homesteads, surrounded by fields of oats and Indian corn, and with red-tiled cottages, all telling of conditions different from the coast. Here we pause for the night by a fragrant mimosa-bush,—the typical tree of South Africa.

In the early morning the little city of Maritzburg, capital of this young colony, wears a charming aspect. It lies along a slight saddle-shaped elevation at the bottom of a wide basin, shut in to the west by high hills. Its red roofs gleam comfortably forth from the trees that encircle them; a river winds round two sides of it, and encloses a large and picturesque park. Weeping willows bend over this stream, and are reflected in its waters. Groves of tall gum-trees now begin to clothe the once naked hills. Long straight streets, crossed at right angles by others, are fringed by streams of running water—sluits—a mode of water-supply peculiar to the old Dutch settlers, whose choice of a site for a township was usually governed by its facilities for leading out the water. Garrison town and seat of government though it be, Maritzburg wears a

dull and sleepy air which does not help to keep strangers. Let us pass its stately hall of justice therefore, traverse one of its lengthy streets, where every house seems a shop, glance at the cathedral where Bishop Colenso preaches weekly to crowded congregations, peep into the gardens of Government House, pity the political troubles of its viceregal occupant, and once more move forward.

Easier said than done is this last operation. Down comes the rain again, and we are days getting to the top of Zwaart Kop Valley, to where the mountain of that name (Black Head) lifts its swarthy crest. Here we are high above the region behind. Another step upward has been surmounted, and another and a vast plateau stretches in front. When the sky clears, what a glorious picture is outspread. To the west, eighty and a hundred miles off, rise into the crystalline air the peaks of the Drakenberg. Between us and them there are blue hills and hazy distances infinitely suggestive. Turning round, Maritzburg rests peacefully like a piece of mosaic in its hollow, and beyond, one can catch the loom of the sea behind the hills that skirt the shore. On all sides the country seems to sweep away in massive undulations to an incredible distance. The greater part of a country as large as Scotland, or at any rate its leading landmarks, lie within the range of the eye.

Up here the air is keener and purer, and, though the roads are wretchedly bad, though "stickfasts" are incessant, and delays of daily occurrence, one does not grumble much, so exhilarating is the climate. It is true that thoughts of diamonds which might have been ours obtrude occasionally upon the mind, and bear fruit in a more vigorous impulsion of the oxen: the sport is soon over. The African ox-wagon will not be hurried; it has its own pace, and it is useless to strive unduly to quicken it. Twelve miles on we arrive at Howick. Here the road crosses a deep and rapid stream. In the centre stands a stone buttress, monument of a washed-away bridge. Woe to the man or beast who lose their footing in flood-time here. Within a hundred yards of the ford the river plunges over a precipice 300 feet high, and forms the finest waterfall in this part of Africa. Whether viewed from above or below, this cascade is alike beautiful. It leaps at one unbroken bound into a narrow basin, shut in by giddy precipices, between whose frowning flanks the river winds away noisily coastward. Under the light of the full moon the falls have a fas-

cinating grandeur. They shine like a white swathe against the dark background of rock, and the basin below is full of a silvery mist. Were it not for the roar, the water would seem motionless. Far down the gorge the river twists, like a gleaming ribbon, amidst the shadows of the cliffs. Several human lives have been swept over the gulf, and many have had escapes such as make one shudder. Just in the centre of the stream, where it plunges forward, is a small islet of grass. A few years ago a horseman was carried down, and clung to this tuft of tangle until succour came from shore. The tenacity of his life-grip amidst the roar and rush of the torrent may well be imagined. Bodies washed over are sometimes never found again—the pool below is so deep that no plummet has ever reached the bottom. As the locality is high and healthful, the friendly taverns established here are a favourite resort for city people, and especially for bridal couples.

Beyond Howick, the ground rises until you are 5,000 feet above the sea-level.

The road is so thronged that incidents are constantly occurring, which render the tedium of the life less oppressive than usual. A waggon has capsized over the side of a cutting; but, strange to say, the only things smashed are three eggs out of a dozen. Repairs are soon effected, and the vehicle is ready to start again none the worse for its mishap. Transport-riders are their own mechanics. It is astonishing what difficult breakages can be mended by means of cowhide lashings and practical skill. Little by little we push on. Glimpses of the magnificent Karkloof scenery enchant one. This is a district of high, craggy, but beautifully-wooded hills, amidst which is another waterfall, less in size than that behind, but more picturesque in its environments. Up and up we go, still keeping among the cloud-like mists. Currie's and Whipp's comfortable hostleries are passed. Life at these roadside inns takes one back to early English days, before railway hotels had substituted luxury for comfort. The weary traveller rides to them gaily, as his steed pricks up and quickens his pace when once in view of the resting-place. Kafir ostlers, all but naked, emerge from the stable, and take possession of the nag, rubbing him down as affectionately as any English groom might do. You enter the main building sheltered by a broad verandah, and in a quarter of an hour are consuming eggs and bacon, fresh butter, or bottled beer and roast-fowl, as the case may be. As a

rule, you find these places clean and neat, though not pretentious. Here and there are exceptions, whose ill-repute is soon bruited abroad, to its own avoidance whenever possible.

Crossing a handsome stone bridge, we are on the other side of the Mooi, or Pretty, river. This stream is famous for its beautiful pebbles, and some time or other diamonds will, it is probable, be found in its bed. The weather has recovered itself, and as we still climb upward the Drakenberg range of mountains displays its full grandeur for the first time. This chain is to East Africa what the Andes are to South America. They follow the coast at a deviating distance of from 100 to 200 miles. Here they give to the eastward an impenetrable wall of rock, capped with basalt, and presenting a broken comb-like crest. Two magnificent peaks, known as the Giant's Castle and Champagne Castle respectively, tower above the rest to a height of 10,000 feet. There are rifts in this gigantic wall, but no accessible passes. The scenery of these mountains is enchanting; they show you the aspects of the Alps seen under a sub-tropical sun. In winter, snow lies continuously upon their bluish brows; in summer, storm-clouds wreath the incessantly around their summits. As the day advances the clouds descend, pall-wise, and the deep valleys at their feet are shrouded in gloom. Rain and hail-storms burst over these precipices in sheets of foam and torrents of ice; lightning dances and thunder roars terrifically amongst the cliffs and chasms of the mountain-range. After a storm numberless cascades stream down the gullies and over the shelving rocks, and the gush of rosy sunlight which succeeds the darkness of the tempest transfigures and beautifies the scene.

Now we descend into the Tugela Valley, a large depression drained and watered by that stream and its tributaries. Here the weather is as hot as up yonder it was cool and bracing. Mimosa-bush begins to abound; the scenery gets more park-like. Another bridge spans Bushman's River, and a magistracy dignifies the little hamlet of Estcourt. Here once a year an agricultural show is held, and the local volunteer force is paraded. The farmers meet at dinner, and deliver themselves of congratulatory speeches; the ladies enjoy themselves in the ball-room. This is a land of cattle-farming and of corn-growing, but the distance from a port and a market causes industry to languish. Another day's journey brings us to the

village of Colenso, where the Tugela has to be crossed in a punt. Sometimes this apparatus is out of order, and there is no alternative but to wait until the river goes down, or to take the waggon to pieces and float it over, carrying one's damageable goods across in a small boat. Happily for us, the punt is in working order, and we get across safely and—in an African sense—speedily. Having refreshed ourselves at the inn once patronized by royalty in the person of Prince Alfred, we again “inspan” and move on towards the mountains, which grow nearer and higher every mile. A hot wind now blows fire into our faces. These siroccos are the misery of our upland districts; they rise in the early morning, when you get up discontented and wretched:—all the heat of the arid desert seems compressed into the burning blast. Your skin gets parched and crackling; books curl up; ink dries; perfect repose under shade is the only possible way to mitigate the misery. They, fortunately, never last long; towards sundown they give place to a cool breeze from the southward, and no becalmed mariner can welcome the wind more rapturously than do we greet this boisterous gale.

At Dodd's “Dewdrop Inn” we are right under the Drakenberg. Here, five years ago, one morning the inmates were startled by seeing the hills around black with armed horsemen. The Boers of the Free State were at war with the Basutos, and it was feared that the latter had extended their ravages to Natal. They were, as it appeared afterwards, in pursuit of cattle driven by the farmers into Natal for security, and had already massacred, on the top of the mountain, an old Dutchman and some others. This daring raid panicked the colony for some weeks, and an expedition to the border was the result. The end of it was that the Basutos had to pay 1,500 head of cattle as a fine for their invasion of neutral territory.

The mountains at this point change their character. Their wall-like front has given place to gentler slopes, broken by eruptive hills. The road goes easily enough up to the summit, and as the weather is fine the ascent is rather pleasant than otherwise. There is a delicious little dell on the way up, where grey old trees stretch their arms over a carpet of moss and ferns, and cherish amidst their roots a spring of the purest water. When fairly at the top, you look round, and Natal lies at your feet. A strangely formed land is this, a long succession of

hills and valleys, with scarcely a plain throughout its whole extent, rolling away in massive undulations eastward. Wherever the eye turns in this direction, hills, and hills only, are to be seen.

A glorious air sweeps over the boundless plains that now stretch in front. The character of the country completely changes here. There is no appreciable descent on the western side. On and on, the wilderness, treeless and waveless, spreads illimitably towards the setting sun. Curious table-topped and jagged hills protrude abruptly from the plain. It is surmised that in some remote age these plains were the bottom of a great inland sea; that what are called the double mountains were uplifted by volcanic action, and caused the waters of this sea to flow eastward over the brink of the Drakenberg, thus bringing into play the action of water so abundantly manifest in the peculiar conformation of Natal. The theory at any rate is a plausible one.

Our cattle revel in the fresh grass. It is well they do so, as other experiences are in store. We are buffeted by squalls of wind, and made expectant by thunderstorms that hover over and linger amidst the distant Witlebergen, or White Mountains, a range which runs westward at an obtuse angle from the Drakenberg, and which we shall keep in view as far as Winburg. Now we are out of British territory, are on republican soil, sojourners for the time being in the Orange Free State. Dutch families, crowded into capacious waggons, where they feel more at home than under a roof, pass on more frequently. The men are large and stout, with heavy visages and baggy garments. The women are of like proportions, with pasty complexions, as far as one can tell, seeing that their heads are encased in deep-poking linen hoods. They all look surlily at us, or in tones by no means genial ask curious questions pertinent to our own personalities. Shortly we find ourselves with a number of other waggons fording the Wilge River, a narrow but troublesome stream. Then comes the Eland's River. This is up, so we shall have to help each other. A sidelong cutting, about twenty feet high, leads to the stream. About thirty waggons are ranged on both banks, and all must be floated over. The oxen are taken out, a strong rope is attached to the waggon, and all articles likely to be hurt by water are placed beyond its reach. The vehicle is hauled in at one side, and hauled out at a point much lower down on the other

side. The current does the rest. Were it not for the excitement produced by numbers, the riskiness of the process, the chances of the waggon being carried down or sticking fast, this operation would be a tedious one. But the screams of the natives, the shouts and curses of the drivers, the splashing of the oxen, and the applause which greets every successful passage, render the whole scene as exciting as it is characteristic and novel. There is a little island mid stream; and when the top of this is visible, then the river may be crossed in the usual way.

Over these interminable prairies we drive on tediously. Sometimes when we draw up for the night, the resting-place of the night before may be seen behind, so flat is the dead level we are traversing. Far and few scattered farmhouses dot the wilds, dreary looking habitations, with none of the trim tidiness that marks the Englishman's presence. No garden, no flower-plot, no weeded walks, meet the eye. A ragged orchard, if a few straggling peach-trees deserve the name, an enclosure for cattle, and a low shabby building with small windows and without verandah, compose the whole. In some cases there is less than this. "Hartebeeste houses" are a common form of structure in these parts, being nothing more than a roof of thatch raised wall-less from the ground. Within this cramped erection a whole family will burrow in dirt and discomfort for years.

As the midday sun is hot and the evenings are often stormy, we travel much by moonlight. Big and red the welcome orb rises from behind the jagged outline of the Drakenberg, still visible behind. There is a certain weird charm about these nightly stages. Such an utter stillness broods over these unpeopled plains, that the cries of the wolves and jackals as they yelp round the waggon only intensify the silence. You lie on your back looking dreamily into the splendour of the night: for under these skies, in an atmosphere which for purity is perhaps unrivalled, the brilliancy of both orbs is scarcely imaginable by a European. When the stage is over, and the oxen are unloosed, and the fire is lit, settling there under the solemn stars, dwarfed and thinned by the larger light, a consciousness of solitude comes over you, and yet of kinship with the great heart of Nature, that you can scarcely feel elsewhere.

We shall not halt at Bethlehem — a small village among the hills, which now we leave — nor yet at Winburg, a town

of more imposing conditions, with substantial white buildings and a large Dutch church, where periodically the sacrament is administered (or Nachtmal) to a host of devout worshippers, ingathered from outlying farms all round the compass. Most thorough-paced Protestants are the Dutch boers, who regard their own ministers with as much awe as they feel hatred for anything that wears the shape of Popery. If only the rectitude of their week-day actions were measured by the devoutness of their Sabbath services, what a virtuous people they would be! Winburg is surrounded by iron-stone hills that attract the lightning to such an extent, that storms are as frequent as they are fatal in the summer. The boers have a dislike of anything like conductors, which, they say, are only meant to tempt Providence.

Here we are 210 miles from Hanesmith, or the frontier, and 400 miles from Durban, or the sea. More than another 100 miles have to be traversed before we reach Pniel. And a weary distance it is; more disgusting in its dreariness than all the rest of the journey. We have now to cross what is called the Middle Veldt, about the most cheerless portion of the Free State. Hitherto we have had grass in fair abundance, and a sufficiency of water. Fuel is nowhere plentiful in the State, and dried cowdung is the common substitute. But now we leave civilization and pasture finally behind us. The mountains recede into the distance, and are lost to sight. Grass ceases to grow, and only a coarse scrubby kind of heather clothes here and there the arid soil. There is absolutely nothing to look at but ourselves and the bare circle of the wilderness. A few months later and enormous herds of game will bound over these wastes; thousands of antelopes and zebras will disport themselves at will, and come almost within gun-shot — but never quite — of the waggon. But we are too early for this exciting scene; nor is this district the bestin which to witness the assemblage of these herds. In truth it is a land to be avoided both by man and beast. There are patches of "feed," and these are always the signal for a stoppage. Once when our oxen were calmly grazing in one of these oases, a young boer farmer rode up and demanded an exorbitant charge for the use of his pasturage. We offered him a certain sum per head. He rejected this offer, and with insulting words said he would impound our oxen at the nearest township. High words ensued, and the

final result was, that he got a sound thrashing for his impudence. He rode away, and presently returned with a District Justice, or Field Cornet, attended by a small posse, who offered to take us into custody. Taking no notice of this attempt at interference, but making ready our guns to show we meant resistance, we pursued our course, and the myrmidons of the law departed, vowing vengeance when we arrived at Bishoff, the next village. After several days of snail's-pace progress through this horrible desert we came to the township, but failed to meet the threatened reception. Boer valour seldom goes beyond words, and diamond-diggers are by no means to be trifled with.

At last, when we are a month out, and 516 miles away from Durban, a long low ridge rises in front. Waggon and carts are more plentifully seen sprinkled about; and there is an instinctive feeling that we are near our journey's end. The top of the ridge is gained, and Golconda lies before us.

A broad valley, with a gentle sweep, through which winds a river about a hundred yards wide. Willow-trees skirt its banks, and they are the only sign of vegetation visible. Little rounded hills, called "Kopjes," also stand along the stream. Waggon, carts and vehicles of every kind; tents of all shapes; buildings, hastily put up, of plank, iron and brick. Ant-like figures swarming everywhere, especially near the water's edge,—boats plying on the river, and a like scene of activity on the other side. A great buzz and hum. Such are one's first impressions. Getting nearer, and traversing the centre of this busy scene, one is struck by the intentness with which all do their work. Some are shovelling gravel and dirt out of their claims, some are driving this to the river-bank, where the cradles are at work; some are engaged in washing, rocking, or sorting the dirt when it gets there. Day after day the process goes on. A few hours' work in the morning, a siesta at noon, more work towards evening. Some ardent searchers toil on even by torchlight. You hear a shout, the report of a gun, and follow a rush to a certain spot, where a lucky digger has made a find. Week by week he has laboured on for nought. His fingers have been scarified, and his nails worn down, to no purpose. Now, all at once, his eyes have fallen across the long-looked-for prize — this tiny bit of crystal, with its rare secretion of light. And off,

with redoubled zest, the envious spectators rush to their work again.

Stenches already begin to abound, for no sanitary regulations are in force, and cattle die freely. Every want that man can have here is easily to be gratified at one or other of the innumerable stores, canteens, or inns, that dignify by their imposing titles the frail tenements they occupy. Here, at Pniel, we are in the heart of the digging district. Opposite is Klipdrift. Hebron, Gong-gong, Good Hope, Bad Hope, Sifonell, and other centres of work, lie along the river, on either side, for a distance of eighty miles. Every week brings with it a new rush. Within six months ten thousand people have found their way here. Already politics have asserted their sway, and more than one revolution has taken place. There are many claimants for the territory; but all express a hope that British rule will be established here, and that the appointment of a British magistrate is an earnest of this change. Considering that this throng comprises men of every grade and stamp, the order that prevails is surprising; but a stronger organization than yet exists will be needed to preserve health and order efficiently in the future.

Thus we have reached our destination, and the monotony of digging can scarcely be greater than that of travel by an ox-waggon. Thirty days' occupancy of that vehicle, however, has attached us all to it, and to-night we regard it affectionately. Hundreds of camp-fires blaze around; lights flicker upon the river; music and laughter are borne to us through the air; oxen low, and Kafirs chant their songs. Over and upon all the thick stars shine peacefully. Here, in this remote African wilderness, where a year ago the jackal and the vulture stalked in the security of solitude, we may now sleep surrounded by thousands of our fellow-men.\*

\* This paper professes to be nothing more than a descriptive sketch of the journey to the South African diamond-fields. With diamond-digging as a pursuit it does not attempt to deal. It may, however, be as well to state that diamond-seeking is one of the most precarious of industries. Men may work for months, and find nothing. It has been estimated that of every 500 who are toiling on the Vaal River, 10 may make fortunes, 100 may cover their expenses, and the rest will return poorer than they went. The few prizes, however, are so great that the chance of finding them proves irresistibly attractive to a large mass of people. The adventurous and the gambling propensities of our nature are alike gratified, and even men who have come back unsuccessful talk of returning to try their luck again.



From The Fortnightly Review.  
THE NEW FOREST: A SKETCH.

"Intruders, who would tear from Nature's book  
This precious leaf with harsh impunity."

WORDSWORTH.

THE remark has often been made, that, although a nation of tourists, the English are strangely apt to overlook the claims of their own country upon their attention, its exceptional variety of atmosphere, contour, and vegetation notwithstanding. It is, therefore, the less surprising that a sequestered district like the New Forest should be comparatively little known, and its value to the nation in general, whether from an æsthetic or an economical point of view, imperfectly recognized. Travellers by the South-Western Railway often admire, upon the heaths of Surrey and Sussex, isolated patches of wild woodland, where scattered oaks and beeches overtop groups of holly that rise amidst heather and fern, but are seldom aware that the objects of their admiration are only samples of New Forest woodland. And when traversing the dreary bogs and wastes, adroitly sold to the Southampton and Dorchester Railway Company, few observers would suspect that scenery of unusual beauty lies concealed from view on either hand. Yet, hard by, landscapes unfold themselves from the elevated moorland, comprising grand undulations, far-reaching woods, an arm of the sea and island downs beyond, and illustrating, to an unusual degree, owing to their extent and aspect, the rich variety and exquisite gradation of colour that characterize our maritime climate. Nor does the ordinary visitor judge the forest aright. Its woodland is of an unobtrusive, domestic character, and, to be fully appreciated, should be studied lingeringly and in detail, at different seasons and under varied skies. Meanwhile, the usual passports to notoriety would seem to have been denied; no nature-loving writer has made it share his fame, and the New Forest is still almost unknown to art. It is tantalizing to think that such congenial scenery should have been unseen by Crome and other English landscapists, and that Nasmyth, who lacked neither the opportunity nor the skill to do it justice, should have been content to paint the mere wayside relics of the ancient forest, oases in the expanse of tillage on its western boundary.

But strange as it may seem that the New Forest should have remained unexplored by the pleasure-seeker or the artist, it is yet more surprising that, although it is the largest unenclosed district in Eng-

land, and although vast sums of public money have been expended upon it of late years by a department unrepresented in Parliament, the forest should have escaped for some time past the watchful eye of the political philosopher and economist. But the fact must be admitted, that since 1848 little information on this subject had reached Parliament, until the appeal of the foresters against the official report presented to the House of Lords in 1868 led to an inquiry of very limited scope, by a committee of the Upper House in the same year. The New Forest, being thus out of sight and out of mind, has been committed to the tender mercies of the Department of Woods, and within the last twenty years several thousand acres have been cleared, enclosed, and planted, at the sacrifice of some of its grandest old woods, and of the wild picturesqueness of whole districts. Instead of the varied intermixture of moor and wood, and the groups of oak, beech, and holly scattered over the open spaces between the pervious woods, monotonous plantations of Scotch fir are gradually overspreading the soil and obliterating its undulations. Ditches, banks, and fences of hoop-iron now check the wanderer, and the old timber is gradually falling before the axe, to be succeeded eventually by a wearisome uniformity of well-managed nurseries of oak. The damage done is irreparable; but there is yet time to plead for the remnant which is left.

A detailed account of the state of the New Forest, and of the questions involved in its fate, would fill a volume; it is, therefore, proposed in the following pages merely to sketch in rude outline the salient features of its scenery, and to trace the causes and progress of the changes which have taken place in its appearance, in their order. The reader will thus be enabled to gather a general idea of what the New Forest has been, of what it now is, and of what it must inevitably become unless Parliament intervene; and will realize some of the difficulties which beset any attempt to preserve the last relics of its primitive beauty. The descriptions have necessarily been drawn from memory, but pains have been taken to insure their accuracy; the sources whence the general information has been taken are indicated with more or less precision in the course of the paper.\*

\* When this sketch was almost complete, a pamphlet was published by H. T. J. Jenkinson, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law (Ridgway, 169, Piccadilly), entitled "The New Forest: the Preservation of the Old Timber, the Open Commons, and

The boundaries of the New Forest have never been accurately ascertained; \* but it may be described, in general terms, as occupying the centre of a district contained between the Avon, the southernmost tributary of the Test, and the sea, and separated from them by a ring of manors from one to five miles in breadth. Its acreage is also uncertain; but the total area measures about 63,000 acres, of which 2,089 acres are the demesne lands of the Crown; about 27,000 acres are now more or less covered with wood, natural or planted; the remainder is moorland. The moors are situate to the south, west, and north-west, and consists of a series of tabular plains and heaths, elevated between 100 and 420 feet above the sea-level, and sloping towards the south at the rate of 18 — 34 feet in the mile. The regularity of the surface is very remarkable; but the flanks are extensively cut up by the descending streams. The plains are continuous, and form the northern and north-western portion of the forest; their elevation varies from 250 feet to 450 feet, so that they form its watershed. The heaths, which occupy the south, are much lower, with a mean level of about 100 feet, and have been pierced by the streams that drain the forest — the Avon Water and the rivers of Boldre and Beaulieu. Enclosed between the high moorland and the manors that fringe Southampton Water, lies the woodland of the forest — a succession of basins with radiating valleys, separated by bold ridges projecting from the highlands, or by isolated hills, often flat-topped and covered with gravel. Geologists are of opinion that this portion of the forest has been scooped out of a plateau, continuous with the moors around, by the winter rains, and gradually prepared for the reception of its native woodland by the removal of an obstructive covering of barren gravel. It is needless to enter upon geological questions which have been sufficiently discussed elsewhere; † but this view may well be borne in mind, as a clue to the general appearance and the possible uses of the New Forest. Here it

may serve to suggest and explain the intimate connection between the physical features of the region and the distribution of its vegetation. The valleys and the vegetation increase together; as the stream deepen and enlarges the seed-bed, the barren heath loses itself in the broadening woodland; as the woodland climbs the slope, the oak and the beech give way to hollies and thorns, and these, in their turn, to the gorse and heather of the flats. The nearer to heaven, the humbler the plant.

Several varieties of heather share with mosses and lichens the niggard soil of the plains — a black, peaty earth, which, being held together by root-fibres, is cut for fuel and miscalled turf. The patches of earth and a peculiar white gravel thus laid bare harbour a few self-sown fir-trees much bitten by the cattle. But this "wild and heathy scone" is neither lonesome nor dreary; its commanding height secures for it every charm that distant prospects, exhilarating air, and a sense of unlimited freedom can give. The eye ranging wide over the hollow woodland, and Southampton Water or the Solent, rests on the soft outline of the Isle of Wight; the view in other directions is bounded by the far hills of Purbeck, or the nearer downs of Wiltshire, from amongst which rises the "dim discovered spire" of Salisbury Cathedral. In summer, the heather and gorse interweave their purple and gold, and the cattle of the commoners, driven by the flies from the woods below, stud the heath or congregate around the open ponds. Although the once-familiar herds of deer are there no longer, the ponies and cattle nearly knee-deep in the water —

"A little sky  
Gulfed in a world below" —

or grouped upon its encircling margin of close turf, stand all but motionless in the sunshine — subjects to inspire a Cooper or a Cuyp.

The loftiest ridges share the vegetation of the plains from which they project; on others — where a sandy brick-earth is found amongst the gravel — gorse, crab-trees, thorns, hollies, and occasionally yews, are scattered in picturesque confusion. On the grooved sides of plain and ridge, bogs covered with ruddy mosses and furzebrakes break the monotony of the heather, and cup-like hollows shelter clumps of holly and thorn, or a solitary, stunted oak overshadowing a patch of turf or an alder-bed. The woodland of the lower and more denuded ridges is richer and more varied, and perhaps un-

Common Rights in the New Forest, a matter of National Interest." Without pledging himself to the views of the pamphleteer, the writer would refer those readers who desire more detailed information to his work.

\* The Royal Commission of 1850 reported "that an authoritative ascertainment and map of the boundaries was perhaps indispensable to any accurate investigation of, or report upon, rights or claims over the forest;" but the recommendation seems to have been overlooked to this day.

† *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, Nov. 1, 1870, p. 529.

rivalled elsewhere. Of such scenery, Old Sloden was probably the noblest example. Hollies, yews, and whitebeam of the largest growth stood singly or in small groups, at intervals sufficient for the full appreciation of their form and colour, and for glimpses of distant landscape. Here and there a shapely oak or beech overhung the evergreen clumps, and aged birches or hawthorns studded the open spaces. The forest can still boast many a sunny ridge, bright with bell-heather and fern in summer, or dappled with the innumerable tints of decay in autumn; but we recall no other of similar extent where the trees were so uniformly large and so picturesquely distributed. The red-berried whitebeams,\* too, gave it a special character, particularly when, ruffled by the breeze, they displayed the silver underside of their leaves in contrast with the sombre foliage of the holly and yew. But Old Sloden exists no longer; its site was one of the first selected for planting under the *régime* of 1851; all its trees, including, it is said, more than three hundred ancient yews, were swept away, and a sea of Scotch fir now conceals even the configuration of the soil.

A few woods of beech are found upon the highlands of the forest, but these are evidently artificial, and were doubtless placed there to give variety to the landscape. The sites have been selected with an artist's eye, and it is to be regretted that these memorials of great opportunities grandly used should not have been taken as models for imitation. Two such, Puckpits and another wood on the same ridge, were prominent features in the prospect from Soldiers' Oak on the road between Ringwood and Stony Cross.

This landscape, one of the finest in the forest, was too comprehensive for pen or pencil to describe. The view extended over terraced undulations of heath, upon an unbroken but varied woodland and the silver Solent, being closed at length by the blue downs of the Isle of Wight. Not a sign of civilization marred the wildness of the scene. The foreground, a landscape in itself, lay close at the feet of the observer, and combined every characteristic feature of the open forest. Streams, converging from amongst the undulations, united in a grassy bottom overshadowed by isolated oaks and clumps of holly and thorn. On the curving sides of the valley-basin, furze-brakes and beds of fern, and, lower down, hollies and larger trees,

standing singly or in groups, measured out the distance, and displayed the endless variety of the surface. The two large beech-woods, placed with indescribable taste upon the farthest ridge, and rising in solitary grandeur against the sky, perfected the foreground, and set off the distant prospect. In the calm lustre of an October afternoon, few spots, even in the forest, could vie with Highland Water in wealth of warm and harmonious colour.

It will hardly be credited that modern Vandalism has selected this scene for its latest and, it is to be hoped, its last achievement. The surveyor has undone the work of the artist, and replaced with hard outlines the soft irregularity of Nature. The old beeches have been felled and sold for firewood; the dimpled hollows, bared of their trees, are scored with parallel trenches; the winding stream is become a straight dyke; and a dull monotony of fir plantation will soon cover, with a not unkindly mantle, the last traces of ruined beauty. It is with a deep sense of relief that the observer raises his eyes from this scene of desolation, to contemplate the varied effects of light and atmosphere which give a never-failing interest to such a landscape, and to the whole of the highland of the forest. Their subtle beauty is indescribable in words, and must be left to the mind's creative eye — the poverty of language cannot cope with the limitless fancy of Nature; but no one, to whom the plains or the ridge of Stony Cross is familiar ground, will hesitate to acknowledge that few localities elsewhere offer a field so favourable for their display.

The slopes that connect the moorland with the timbered lowland partake of the vegetation of both, and form a debatable land between them, where descending tongues of heath interpenetrate the advancing wedges of rough woodland. The exquisite interchange of hill and dale, and the random wild-wood characteristic of this intermediate region, give to New Forest scenery its peculiar beauty. The hardier vegetation of the ridges intermingles with the more lordly growths of the lowland, the hollies and hawthorns aspire to the dignity of trees, and the oak and beech rise solitary, or in small, isolated groups, from thickets of thorn, or among beds of gorse and fern. In this natural commonwealth the birch finds a congenial home, and attains a perfection almost unknown beyond the limits of the New Forest. The lustrous smoothness of stem and bough, in contrast with the deeply-fis-

\* A species of service; the hoar-withey.

sured bark of the dusky trunk and its soft drapery of variegated moss and lichen, the developed form, that ideal of picturesque symmetry and grace, are fully represented here. And whether overhanging some shadowy hollow in the brown heath, or the grey-streaked wall of the red gravel-pit, or the ever-blossoming furzebrake between the woods, the old tree is ever in perfect harmony with its setting, and thus a crowning charm is added to its beauty.

The native woods are surrounded by such scenery as this, and are themselves also remarkable for their open character. The trees stand apart in groups or groves, separated by irregular patches of dwarf gorse, heather, and crisp turf, or by glades fringed with fern, broad lawns, or moor. Many of the hollies have been pollarded to browse the deer, and, in the absence of underwood or brambles, the fern alone checks the free passage of man and beast, and veils the old grassy ways. The oak and beech, spreading towards the light, "train their young boughs in graceful intricacies, with snatches of the sky between, and frame shady roofs and arches rude;" the sun, descending at every opening, flickers on the foliage and chequers the party-coloured floor, or breaks up the long avenues into alternate breadths of light and shade. The seeker after trees noticeable for age, size, or form, will not be disappointed, but will find the intervening scenery yet more attractive. A sense of unlimited freedom, the calm seclusion and orderly disorder of the leafy wilderness, give it a fascination peculiarly its own.

The herds of deer, indeed, just tame enough to suffer themselves to be admired, are sorely missed, but the woodland yet harbours life enough to give a zest to its seclusion. The pigeon, dove, and nightingale, with mellow, fitful notes, "at once far off and near," or the busy woodpecker, intensifies the silence; the colt, half shy, half curious, beside its shaggy dam under the oak upon the glade, the grouped cattle and flock of geese upon the broad lawn, enliven the scene. But in autumn the wanderer may find his day-dream rudely broken by the sudden grunt of routing pigs, or the defiant bark-like cry of the galloping drove as it charges in a wedge the scared dog that hurries for shelter behind him. Perhaps some future Morland will justify the remark that the pigs are indispensable, as its element of humour, to the New Forest landscape.

The undulating character and southerly aspect of the woodland render it peculiarly susceptible of the manifold effects of sun-

light. Spots, indeed, there are where the clustering hollies cast at broad noonday a depth of shadow that often realizes, and sometimes exceeds, the "green night" of Marvell, and woods and groves where

"There is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes  
blown  
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy  
ways;"

but these are few and far between. The warm glow of sunset streams along hill and slope, illuminating at times some group of beech till the very boughs and limbs grow indistinct radiant with lambent flame, or paints a background to the towering grove; and the level rays of autumn search the inmost recesses of the forest. Among the old woods, where the trees are tall and their boughs gaunt and scanty, even "old December's bareness" ceases to be dreary. The softened sunshine, "everywhere pervasive yet nowhere emphatic," lends an amber gleam to the evergreen ferns and mosses on the trees and soil, and is weirdly reflected by group after group of holly on the slope. The glossy leaves, with alternately receding and advancing curves, disperse the ray and rob it of its colour; and as each leaf capriciously meets or evades the light, the bushes are speckled with a broken sheen, not unlike that of moonlight on faintly-rippled water, but strangely still, and sometimes iridescent.

But it is time to pass on and examine the old woods more in detail; yet henceforward the changes that confront the explorer become at each advance more extensive and more lamentable. The task of enumerating the old woods that are yet standing is only too easy; but, fortunately, almost every one has a special character of its own. Burley Old, Bramshaw Wood, Denny Wood, and Mark Ash are the noblest relics of the ancient forest; of these Mark Ash is acknowledged to be the finest. It should be visited from Boldrewood, whence it is approached along a ridge, of which it occupies the lower and broader portion, through groups of oak and beech rising from the heather and fern. An abrupt slope, studded with tangled thickets or single hawthorns hung with grey moss and honeysuckle, unites the two fragments of the ridge; Mark Ash veils the foot of the slope, and, barring the view, concentrates attention on itself.

On entering the wood, the change of scene is startling and complete. The drooping boughs that veiled the entrance

now conceal the approach, and a deep gloom succeeds to the open sunshine. A narrow band of light on either slope marks the limits of the grove; the dim space in front is broken only by the low, massy trunks and soaring limbs of great beech-trees, in every feature eloquent of antiquity. The expressive silence, the "listening gloom," and cloistral solitude, produce in the beholder a strange sense of mystery and awe.

On a nearer view, the trees are found to stand wide apart, and are all of great size; at the edge of the wood they are fully developed, and the boughs feather towards the ground, but within it the growth tends upwards. Bare limbs, each a tree in itself, spring from a corded bole, and rise like vaulting arches to a great height; aloft, the boughs form a continuous canopy, almost impenetrable by the sun, and rarely stirred by a passing breeze; below, the faint trackway loses itself beneath a russet covering of undisturbed leaves, the accumulation of successive years.\* The grouping of this

"Noble horde,  
A brotherhood of venerable trees,"

is especially suggestive where a double row encircles, as with an aisle, an opening to the sky, left by the fall of a central tree. In this pantheon of Nature's building, it is easy to understand the existence of the four hundred prophets of the groves, which did eat at Jezebel's table, and the mediæval imagination which put the dry bones of history into fancy dress, and produced the picturesque traditions of the ancient Druids.

Intermediate in extent and style between the native forest and the new plantations are the woods planted under the Act of William III. But before describing these it is necessary to pause and review the circumstances under which that Act was passed, and its provisions. The practice of enclosing portions of the New Forest for the growth of artificial timber, thus first introduced (1698), is the cause of all the changes which have taken place in its aspect. The Act is also specially important as the basis of all subsequent legislation on the subject of a district always regarded as exceptional in character, and therefore exempted from the opera-

tion of all general measures, and even of those relating to the other royal forests.\* The Act of 1851, however (as will be seen presently), while preserving the language, reversed the intention of the Act of 1698.

Hitherto, the condition and management of this forest had suffered no material change since it was subjected to the Norman forestal law by the Conqueror. It provided (nominally at least) a hunting ground for the sovereign, and pasturage for the cattle of the owners and tenants of the adjacent manors and freeholds. A court of verderors, probably a Saxon institution adopted into forest-law, regulated the exercise of the common rights for the protection of the soil and timber, as the representatives of the Crown and commoners. The members of the court seem (as at present) always to have been elected by the freeholders of the county of Southampton, in pursuance of a writ issued by the sovereign, as vacancies occurred. The lands to which these rights attached are still traceable in Domesday Book, and had been registered in 1670 to the extent of 65,000 acres, probably as the first step necessary to the introduction of such a measure as that of 1698. It should be observed that this registration (although the ascertainment of their rights was persistently requested by the commoners) was only completed, at their instance, by the Royal Commission of 1854, since which time these privileges of common right have been exercised by the indefeasible tenure of immemorial usage, confirmed by a parliamentary title.

The general appearance of the forest in the sixteenth century may be inferred from the preceding sketches of its primitive beauty, and from the fact that a survey made in 1608 shows that it then contained a large amount of old and valuable timber. But during the civil wars of the Commonwealth, one of the historic periods of the New Forest, its woods, as well as those of the kingdom in general, had been so much wasted and impaired that ship-timber had become very scarce. This forest, being close to Portsmouth and well supplied with suitable ports, was naturally selected for the growth of timber for the use of the Royal Navy. An Act was therefore passed to enable the Crown, through a Special Commission to be appointed under the Act, to plant a limited amount of oak only for this particular purpose. But this ex-

\* Since this sketch was written, the attention of the writer has been called to an article on the New Forest in *Fraser's Magazine* for February, 1888, in which another description of this "core of some boundless primeval forest" occurs on page 219.

\* The New Forest is not less than six times the size of any other forest (Evidence, 1863, p. 737). A direct parallel can be correctly drawn between it and any other, the circumstances being always different.



traordinary power to plant commonable land was neither lightly granted nor unattended by efficient safeguards. Its exercise was strictly limited to the growth of oak for national purposes, and special clauses jealously guarded the rights of the commoners. The plantations were to be made very gradually; 2,000 acres were to be enclosed immediately (before 1700), but the remainder, 4,000 acres, at a rate not exceeding 200 acres in one year; the land was to be taken in every case where "*it could be best spared from the commons and highways*," and the plantations again thrown open to pasturage as soon as the trees were past damage by the deer and cattle. The whole amount of 6,000 acres having been disenclosed, a similar quantity might be planted on the same terms. It is to be noted that, even if the power thus granted had been exercised to the extreme, and under the system adopted in 1850, the commoners would only have lost the pasturage of one-tenth of the forest. The earlier enclosures were, however, agreeably to the spirit of the Act—as the reader will presently observe—actually restored as fair woodland pasture. But the plantations thus authorized were not completed, and it may be presumed, therefore, that the powers granted were found by experience larger than the need; for in 1851 only 9,600 acres had been enclosed and planted, the whole of which had been disenclosed with the exception of 1,800 acres; and it is a curious fact that the probable value of the timber in 1608 and the estimated value of the entire forest in 1849 nearly agree.

The woods thus brought into existence, owing to their limited extent, the system of planting adopted, and the tasteful selection of many of the sites, altered but little the general aspect of the forest, and in many cases added to its beauty. The surface planted suffered little change, and the banks were soon trodden down by the cattle, when the plantations had been again thrown open to pasture; glades appeared where the young trees failed, and were enlarged by the deer and ponies which, in winter, especially, consumed the rough overgrowth of the soil. The stronger trees, outgrowing and supplanting the weaker, gave variety of form and a natural wantonness to the wood. In the Bentleys art is almost lost in nature; noble oaks, sloping glades shaded by shapely hawthorns and hollies, the stream winding through the crisp sward tufted with blackthorn, compose park scenery of the wildest character. A stroll in early

spring through such a woodland, when the silence is broken only by the babble of the brook or the plaintive cry of the lapwing, and when the sunlit air is fragrant with opening buds, is not readily forgotten. But later on, when the air is languid with the drooping mayflower, when the oak-blossom hangs from its sheath of half-developed leaves, and the tracery of the limbs is yet unveiled, when the young foliage of the beech, brilliant with imprisoned light, casts the tenderness of shade, and the uncurling fern yet leaves the vistas free to display the witchery of broken lights on stem and bough—with such a scene in view, amidst

"The symphony of spring, the passion of the groves,"

even the approach of summer and her "matron grace" is almost regretted. Even in the denser and more formal woods the ragged undergrowth of holly and fern, and the mossy, rush-tufted glade which the blackcock makes his curling-ground, show that Nature has resumed her own.

The plantations made just previous to the year 1851, and since that date, are of a very different character. Instead of small woods picturesquely distributed over the whole forest, plantations measurable by the square mile, and closely adjacent to each other, occupy its most beautiful hollows. In such places the native woodland has been completely swept away, and the old ornamental woods have gone to drug the timber market. Many a grassy valley and cattle-studded lawn has disappeared for ever beneath a sombre sea of Scotch fir. The pastures thus planted are destroyed, the old winding ways are filled with trees and intersected by indelible trenches, the new rides are laid out on no intelligible principle of convenience or picturesqueness, so that the plantations, when again thrown open to the public and the commoners, will offer neither free-passage, pasturage, nor beauty.

This radical change is the result of the Deer Removal Act of 1851, under the provisions of which the last relics of the primitive forest will inevitably be cleared away in a few years, and the whole area may be planted over almost within the present century, unless Parliament intervene. Strange as this statement may appear, the sequel will show how such a national loss was involved in the fate of a few hundreds of deer. The fact, however, should be borne in mind, that the hereditary rights of the Crown over the forest comprised only the usual rights of a lord

of the soil, and those resulting from the imposition of forestal law upon the district by William the Norman—the latter being represented in modern times by the right to keep deer in it. Nor could any extension of power over the New Forest be obtained except by the grant of the Legislature and for national purposes.

It is difficult to understand why the deer were preserved in the forest when they could no longer minister to the amusement of the sovereign; their value, however, as an ornament to the landscape could hardly be over-estimated. The average number is said to have been about 3,000 head, of which a small proportion were red deer. The fallow deer were generally harboured about the keepers' lodges for protection, and fed daily with boughs of holly and ash, with hay and other food specially provided for them: the pollard ash on the village-green still preserves in the neighbourhood of the forest the memory of the old order of things, and of the days when such trees were a small annuity to their owners. The feeding of the deer at Bramble Hill Lodge was one of the most attractive sights in the forest, the prospect thence being probably unsurpassed by any in the South of England. A lawn, not quite reclaimed from the little moor encircled by woods, slopes towards the lip of a densely-timbered depression; beyond,—on one side, the flat ridge of Stony Cross bars the view, but falls at length partly across the middle distance, and in a succession of swelling knolls tufted with trees subsides into the plain; on the other side, the diagonal line of the estuary leads the eye onward from the gleaming spires of Southampton to the point where the unbroken forest veils its junction with the Solent, and seems to touch the sea. The landlocked waters of Cowes and the wavy outline of the Isle of Wight close the scene. The foreground lies in shadow, for the wall of Stony Cross holds back the sidelong rays that create islets of light in the green expanse beyond; but the hollow woodland, with its myriad domes of foliage and depths of blue atmosphere between that shroud the radiating slopes, displays, whatever the hour or season, a never-failing variety of colouring or form. At the foot of the lawn a miscellaneous collection of fodder lies outspread in the afternoon sunshine; the keeper whistles again and again. Slowly but suddenly, as if by magic, the deer begin to appear, and attended by the fawns enter at the open bars. Some, eyeing cooly the group of visitors beneath

the pollard ash in front of the cottage above, begin to feed; others, shy and wistful, are grouped on the heather around. The attention of the lingering observer is divided between the intermingling hues of the distant landscape and the animated scene at his feet; but at each return from long wanderings through space, where

"All ether softening, sober evening takes  
Her wonted station in the middle air,  
A thousand shadows at her beck,"

the eye notes with surprise the lessening groups upon the slope, as the deer disappear silently and mysteriously as they came.

But ornamental as the deer undoubtedly were, their presence in the forest was on other grounds very objectionable. Being imperfectly protected, and harboured in large numbers near some of the villages, they were an ever-present temptation to the poorer classes, and by constant inroads upon the manors discouraged and injured the farmers. Reports made to Parliament from time to time recommended their removal upon public grounds; but upon the principal that its forestal rights would go with the deer, such excessive demands seem to have been made on behalf of the Crown, that these recommendations could not be carried into effect. Compensation was required, not only for the right to keep deer, but for a right to keep an unlimited number of them to the extinction of the pasturage of the commoners. Yet every attempt to increase the number to any extent had been frustrated by the starvation of hundreds during severe winters. Nay, more, although the expense of keepers and of large supplies of artificial food entailed a heavy annual loss upon the sovereign, unaccompanied by any corresponding advantage, compensation was claimed for that which was in fact a costly and useless privilege as though it had been a valuable and profitable right. One attempt, however, that was made for their removal deserves a passing notice, and is also of interest as illustrative of the condition of the forest and the views of the Legislature with regard to it at the time. A Royal Commission in 1789 (after an inquiry extending over nearly three years) made an elaborate and careful report, in which extraordinary revelations were made of waste and wanton mismanagement in the New Forest. A Bill was, therefore, introduced in 1792 to provide for the further increase and preservation of timber there, and for the removal of the

deer and the forestal laws connected with their preservation.

The sanction of Parliament was requested to the enclosure of 20,000 acres for the growth of timber for the use of the Royal Navy, the 6,000 acres granted for the same purpose by the Act of William III. being included in the amount. It was further proposed that the deer should be confined in a park (part of the enclosures now to be authorized being set apart for the purpose), and the commoners relieved of the liability to have their cattle driven from the forest during the fawning month and in the winter. But the important recommendation of the Royal Commission, that an equitable arrangement should be made between the Crown and the commoners, and the wastes apportioned between them by an impartial tribunal, had been disregarded. The omission proved fatal to the measure. The Bill had actually passed the House of Commons without attracting attention; but on the presentation of a petition of a few landowners to the House of Lords, to be heard by counsel, against it, nothing further was heard of this somewhat singular attempt at legislation. The deer, therefore, remained in the New Forest, and although it was transferred in 1810 to the nation, with the other royal forests, and passed under the management of the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests, the subject seems to have escaped notice for fifty years. Certain honorary forestal offices, indeed, had been distributed from time to time amongst the principal landowners, and an annual quota of venison was paid as compensation to those who did not kill the deer which invaded their fields; but the patience of the inhabitants of the New Forest was mainly due to the conciliatory policy adopted by the advisers and representatives of the Crown, who consulted the chief proprietors upon matters of importance.

At length a Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons (of which Lord Duncan was the chairman) sat and took evidence on the subject of this and other forests during the sessions of 1848 and 1849, and the revelations of half a century then made public rendered it impossible for the Crown to continue to keep the deer in the New Forest. The draft report (for the session closed before the report had been presented) recommended the total abolition of the deer and forestal laws connected with them, on the ground that the deer were a public nuisance and an unjustifiable annual expense.\* The

\* "It was proved beyond the possibility of doubt

committee was also "of opinion that henceforward the royal forest should assume the character of ordinary property, to be managed by officers appointed by the Crown acting under the authority of Parliament."

But the recommendations of this committee were not carried out in their integrity nor in the spirit in which they were made; advantage, however, was taken of some of them by the Office of Woods to initiate an entirely novel policy. This revolution in the management of the New Forest was brought about very gradually, and with such ingenuity, that it will be well to let the facts speak for themselves. But the impartial inquirer, who would unravel the complications of a very difficult subject, must accurately distinguish the theoretical and actual, the forestal and manorial rights of the Crown, and sever the forestal rights from the right of chase, or free warren; and further investigate the intention of Parliament, and of the several parties to the Deer Removal Bill when it was under consideration, and separate in thought the powers actually conferred by the Act from the extraordinary and destructive powers developed by the method of its execution. The outline of so large a subject can only be indicated.

In the course of the year 1850 a keen eye might have observed blocks of land of unprecedented size, and closely adjacent to one another, marked out as if for planting, their size and form indicating an intention to enclose the best land only, and some of the lawns which could least "be spared from the commons" of the New Forest. But nothing further was done, and the marks attracted little attention, because the foresters had been lulled into a fatal security by the limited and unimportant results of the Act of William III.\* In 1850 a Commission, appointed "to inquire into and report upon rights and claims over the New Forest,"† visited the locality; but the Commissioners, desiring to make a report in time to enable "legislative steps thereupon in the present ses-

that every buck killed in the forest cost £100 and upwards, and not more than 110 bucks were killed in a year, and they went principally in payment of compensation to those landowners who did not kill the deer which came upon their property."—Evidence, 1868, q. 319.

\* In fifty-two years after this Act was passed only 1,022 acres were planted, and until 1786 little more was done. In 1808, 1,100 acres only were under enclosure; and in 1816 the full amount of 6,000 acres were taken in. At the time of the Deer Removal Act there were only 1,772 acres under enclosure.

† On this subject see Mr. Jenkinson, pp. 20, 21.

sion," and finding that they did not "possess the means or authorities essentially requisite legally to effect a complete and accurate investigation of the matters in question," decided to place at once before the Treasury such information as their secretary had been able to collect, in order to "suggest or promote inquiry." But in 1851 the Chief Commissioner of Woods introduced a Bill providing for the removal of the deer, and fixing arbitrarily the compensation for this forestal right of the Crown at 14,000 acres, to be enclosed and planted on the terms of the Act of William III.; no provision, however, was made for the ascertainment or registration of the rights of the commoners. The very language and terms of the Act of William III. having been adopted, the Bill seemed to be but an extension of its powers, but actually involved a totally new principle — that of planting for profit only. The foresters were taken completely by surprise; but a few of the landowners sent up a petition against the Bill, alleging that the compensation proposed was extravagant, and that the preamble had been declared proved without any sufficient inquiry into the nature and extent of the commoners' rights, or into the value of the right of the Crown to keep deer.\* This hurried opposition was so far successful that the Bill would probably have been thrown out by the Select Committee, but its opponents were induced to negotiate by the threat of a general enclosure of the forest,† and seem to have consented to the reduced grant of 10,000 acres as the price of the surrender of the deer and of the forestal laws relating to their preservation. These negotiations, however, are involved in much mystery, and have not yet been satisfactorily explained; but it is certain that the clauses under which the common rights were ascertained and registered in 1854 were inserted by the Government at the instance of the opponents of the Bill, and that the commoners, as a body, had no opportunity of protecting their interests. The Bill, however, had no sooner passed than notices posted in the forest announced that ancient and hitherto unknown forestal laws were still in existence, and especially that the restrictions of Winter Heyning and Fence Month had been reserved, and would be enforced (contrary to the habitual practice when the deer were still in the forest) with full legal strictness. This notice created such an agitation among the

people of the district, that the intention to enforce these laws was publicly disavowed. But this was not the only unforeseen result of the Act. The enclosures marked out in 1850 (4,000 acres), under the Act of William III., became immediately subject to the new principle of planting for profit; and with this view a new system of planting\* was introduced. It gradually became evident that the clause in the Act designed for the protection of the common rights would be rendered inoperative if this system was pursued; the land thus planted would obviously be valueless for pasturage when again disenclosed, and yet the sites of the new enclosures embraced some of the most valuable pastures in the forest. Remonstrances were repeatedly made, in the hope that the Department of Woods and Forests would forbear to exercise to the full the powers thus developed of destroying the value of the common rights, but in vain; the only answer given was, that this effect of the Acts ought to have been foreseen in 1851, before the "compromise" embodied in the Deer Removal Act was accepted. Both Acts, it is true, provided for the due representation of local interests upon the Commission by which the enclosures are set out, but this check was neutralized in practice. The site of an enclosure was rarely known until it had been authorized by the Commission, and sufficient opportunity was seldom, if ever, given to the local commissioners to examine the bounds proposed; they were called together by the Chief Commissioner of Woods as though they were expected to endorse the proposals emanating from the department.

Huge enclosures, therefore gradually overspread much of the best land, till in

\* The resident deputy-surveyor writes (Dec. 31, 1853) to the Chief Commissioner of Woods (Mr. Kennedy): "It appears to me to be important that the Crown should, as soon as possible, exercise its right of enclosing the 16,000 acres, because, exclusive of other advantages, by so doing, all the best pasture would be taken from the commoners, and the value of their rights of pasture would be thus materially diminished, which would be of importance to the Crown in the event of any such right being commuted." (Evidence, 1858, q. 807; compare q. 130.) The writer would venture the opinion that inasmuch as (by the admission of the deputy-surveyor himself, who was appointed in 1849) the moorland, while worthless for other purposes, might be profitably planted with fir, it was unnecessary and impolitic to commence operations in 1851 by the enclosure and the plantation of the better land in the forest. The removal by the Deer Removal Act of the restriction to plant oak only, enabled the Office of Woods to adapt the system of planting to the circumstances of the forest, and the reclamation of the "worthless" portion of its wastes (30,000 acres) might fitly have been made a national undertaking, being far too costly for private enterprise.

\* Evidence, 1858, q. 319.

† Ibid.

1867 the enclosures upon the eastern and most densely-peopled side of the forest, made and marked out for planting, formed a nearly continuous belt about sixteen square miles in extent. A large proportion of the commoners thus lost the lawns near their homes, and found themselves (their cattle being practically excluded from the forest) almost debarred from the exercise of their rights. The danger thus brought home to the mind of the foresters produced louder and more pressing complaints. But the Chief Commissioner replied in 1868 by a report, which declared that the commoners had no rights over the forest but by the forbearance of the Crown to enforce the forestal laws, and that they were causelessly interfering with the due execution of the Acts. Against the report petitions were presented in the House of Lords, and a Committee of Inquiry was granted in 1868. The report and evidence having been so lately published, a brief summary of the results of that inquiry will be sufficient for the present purpose. The evidence shows that the powers given to the Crown by the Deer Removal Act are incompatible with the preservation of the rights of its co-proprietors and that a conflict of interests had ensued;\* that it would hardly be possible to carry the Act into effect, for while it only authorized the planting of such land "as could be best spared from the commons," it virtually conferred a power to confiscate all the pastureable land in the forest. Other unforeseen results of the Deer Removal Act were also brought forward. Evidence was tendered to show that the pastures remaining unenclosed had suffered by the removal of the deer (the value and extent of such pasture depending largely upon the number of *species* by which it is depastured), and by the diminution of the head of cattle turned out in consequence of the planting of the lawns and the threatened enforcement of the Winter Heyning. It was also proved that, unless Parliament intervene, the forestal character of the entire district must inevitably be destroyed, and its whole area converted into a monotonous nursery of timber within a comparatively limited period. The Committee finally advised the imme-

mediate partition of the forest between the Crown and the commoners, adding that the rights of the latter should be "equitably" estimated.

The remark has been made that the interest of the public in general was too little considered in the course of this inquiry, and in the management of the New Forest. Certain subjects, therefore, which have a special bearing on the preservation of its open lands and native beauty, have been reserved to the close of this sketch—namely, the condition and peril of the old woods and of the most picturesque portion of the woodland. In 1819 the natural self-sown forest covered 9,000 acres, but between 1851 and 1869, 4,000 acres have been cleared of their ancient timber, which has been sold to meet the current expenses of the new plantations. Much ornamental timber of incalculable value has thus been sold at nominal prices,\* and some of the grandest old woods, including even Mark Ash and Denny Wood and Burley Old, owe their preservation to the efforts of the commoners and residents. But in the early part of the autumn of 1870, notwithstanding the recommendations of the Committee of 1868, and an express assurance made to Parliament that during the recess nothing should be done to alter the character of the district,† the local commissioners were called together, and requested to set out "5,000 acres for plantation, including almost all the old woods." The Commission authorized the plantation of 2,500 acres, but refused to include the woods. If, however, some doubts which exist as to the interpretation of the Acts were removed, the Commission would find the claims of the Office of Woods irresistible. Immediate action, therefore, is necessary, if these relics of the primitive forest are to be preserved for the enjoyment of the public. The open spaces among the woodland are in no less danger, for about 6,000 acres only remain comparatively free from timber, and these will shortly be enclosed in due course, unless some arrangement be made for their preservation. In spite of various delays, that probably will not recur, about 11,500 acres have been enclosed in eighteen years, and the amount of land that may be taken for planting in

\* To protect the "lawns" and "greens," which constitute the forest, the Act of 1851 provided that no enclosures should be made of less than 800 acres, "by virtue of any Commission hereafter to be issued" under any of the Acts. But, as a new Commission was not appointed for some years, much invaluable pasture-land was planted, which otherwise would have escaped enclosure.—Evidence, 1868, q. 424-5, 433-5.

\* Oak fetches in the forest 1s. 4 1-2d. beech 3s. 4d., per foot. Return (Mr. Bonham Carter), July 16, 1867.

† See Mr. Jenkinson, p. 27, and pp. 31, 32, who submits that to enclose the old woods without cutting them down would be "simply illegal," as the law stands, with regard to enclosures of the New Forest.



the next few years will absorb the remainder of the unenclosed lowland. Such is the inevitable result of the powers conferred by existing Acts even upon the most moderate interpretation of their language; but if a partition of the forest take place, its open lands may immediately suffer further diminution, for claims will be advanced by the Office of Woods, which, unless disallowed by the Legislature, must be compensated by further concessions of land for planting or in fee. The Chief Commissioner, relying partly upon the perpetuity of the right of the Crown to keep deer, states that all plantations made under the Acts may be successively disenclosed and replaced by others of similar extent *ad infinitum*; but it is difficult to believe that such unlimited powers over the New Forest were conferred by Parliament, in exchange for the barren right to keep deer there. Compensation is also expected for the surrender of certain laws of the forest, the scope and nature of which it is probably impossible to define. The larger proportion of these laws would seem to be antiquated and impracticable relics of the oppressive Norman law imposed upon the district by the Conqueror; but as a formal announcement has been made that 26,000 acres of private property are "within the regard of the forest," and, as well as the wastes, are subject to the operation of these laws, the amount of compensation demanded is likely to be large. It should, however, be added that this view is as yet unsupported by evidence, and has been disavowed by former Chief Commissioners.\* Two only of these forestal rights have found their way into the statute-book. Whilst the deer were in the forest, the Crown had the right to exclude the cattle of the commoners from it during the Fence Month, when the does were dropping their fawns (June 20—July 20, Old Style), and during the Winter Heyning (Nov. 4—May 4,

Old Style), but the Fence Month had not been enforced within living memory, and the Winter Heyning was gradually becoming a dead letter, even before the removal of the deer. It was, therefore, naturally believed that these rights would go with the deer, and had been compensated under the Act of 1851, as part of "the right to keep deer;" but further compensation was demanded in 1868 for the surrender of these rights also. While, therefore, in any event, the primitive beauty of the woodlands is on the eve of total destruction, the public may also lose a large portion of the unique pleasure-ground for ever, by the concessions, to be made as compensation for these unsatisfied claims, if the partition of the waste recommended by the Committee of 1868 be carried out.

A Bill for the disforestation of the New Forest is to be brought before Parliament during the present session by the Chief Commissioners of Woods and Forests. Its provisions have been discussed in the pamphlet to which frequent reference has already been made. A searching inquiry will doubtless ensue, and it is hoped that the importance of the largest open space in England to the general public will be fully investigated before it is permitted to pass into the hands of any section of the nation. Economists must also determine the commercial value of the speculation upon which the Department of Woods has embarked, and inquire into the expenditure of large sums of public money upon the district; for it is at least an open question whether the nation is not much the poorer for what has been done.

The fate of the remnant that yet survives, now rests in the hands of the Legislature; meanwhile, in the interest of those whose only books are Nature's looks, and of those to whom an innocent taste acquired may prove a harmful taste forestalled, an earnest protest may perhaps be permitted against the further destruction of scenery unique in Great Britain, and, if represented in America at all, but imperfectly represented by the oak openings of Michigan.\*

\* The subject of these forestal laws was first broached in the subreport of the Secretary to the Commission of 1860, submitted by him, "not as a complete and sufficient report upon the various matters inquired into, but rather as notes made in the course of my investigations hitherto." "I may refer to the facts in that report and the subreport as containing substantially all the information I have to give on the subject, because I was in communication with Mr. Hume, and I believe a good deal of that matter was framed in communication with me." — Evidence of the Solicitor to the Office of Woods and Forests, 1868, q. 1,008.

\* ERRATUM.—A clerical error which occurs on p. 501 may mislead. The *average* of lands to which rights of common over the forest attach, was not ascertained till 1854. In the reign of Charles II., many manors were registered merely as "manors," without mention being made of their extent.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

# THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF DR. DOLLINGER.

BAVARIA is one of the few countries in Europe in which the doctrine of Papal Infallibility could have direct consequences, and the conflict between Dr. Dollinger and his Archbishop, which has resulted in the excommunication of the former, is bringing these consequences to light more rapidly than any one anticipated. Ever since July last the Ultramontane party have labored indefatigably to obtain adhesions to the new dogma. Though Dr. Dollinger had made no public declaration since the decision of the Council, it was generally believed in Germany that he would not recognize that decision as binding, and so great was his influence that this opinion was sufficient to keep the matter unsettled and the Ultramontane triumph insecure. The Archbishop of Munich twice addressed him on the subject, and at last fixed a day by which he was to give in his submission under pain of incurring ecclesiastical censures. Thus called upon, he declared himself in very distinct terms. He asks the Archbishop to meet his disobedience not by condemnation, but by admitting him to a conference, either at Fulda, where the German bishops are about to assemble, or before a body of theologians to be selected by the Archbishop. If in this conference he was convinced of his errors, he was ready both to accept the dogma and to withdraw everything he had written against it. If, however, this conference were allowed him, he expected to prove that the doctrine was contrary to Scripture; that it was based upon a misconception of the history of the Church and of her traditions. The Council, he maintains, enjoyed no freedom of discussion. Its only parallel in Church history is the Robber Synod of Ephesus. No pains were taken to examine the authorities relied on. The vast majority of the Latin bishops had neither the inclination nor the critical power for such an undertaking, although the importance of the doctrine in question made an investigation the more indispensable. The dogma supplies at once a new rule of faith. For the future the Catholic when asked the ground on which he accepts or rejects any opinion must say, I accept it or reject it, because an infallible Pope has enjoined me to accept it or to reject it. The doctrine is of Roman origin, and can never be accepted by Teutonic nations; and Dr. Dollinger thus concludes:—

As a student of history I cannot accept it, for as such I know that the persistent endeavour to realize this theory of universal dominion has cost Europe rivers of blood, has disordered whole countries and brought them to ruin, has shattered the beautiful structure of the earlier Church, and in the Church of modern times has generated, nurtured, and maintained the worst abuses. As a citizen I must reject it, because by its pretensions to the subjection of States and monarchs and of the whole of the political system to the Papal power, it leads to endless destructive conflict between Church and State, between clergy and laity.

The publication of this letter the day after its date in the *Augsburg Gazette* shows that Dr. Dollinger intended it as a manifesto to those who agreed with him, of whom he says there are thousands among the clergy and hundreds of thousands among the laity. So it was regarded by the public, who hastened to express their sympathy with the writer; and also by the Archbishop, who immediately issued a pastoral to his flock warning them against Dr. Dollinger's errors. The proposal for a conference could not, he said, be accepted, for there was nothing to discuss. The Church had spoken; the controversy was over. And as the Doctor still continued contumacious excommunication followed. There are political interests involved in the treatment of Dr. Dollinger which complicate the action of Ultramontanism. As the religion of the vast majority of the people, Catholicism in Bavaria retains a great position in the State, and that position is supported by public opinion. But Doctor Dollinger is not only a great theologian. As Dean of the Cathedral Chapter, a professor of the University, and a member of the Legislative Body, he enjoys a political position, and one which the State cannot see him deprived of by irresponsible authority without sacrificing that principle of a controlling influence in Church affairs which Bavarian Catholicism contends for. It is in protecting the Church from irresponsible influence that the *Augsburg Gazette* sees a safeguard against the dangers of Ultramontanism. It points to the spread of Ultramontane opinion in Prussia as proof of the evil which must ensue where Church and State are regarded as independent powers determining their respective rights by treaty. This theory of a Catholicity making a part of the State, Dr. Dollinger and his adherents feel cannot co-exist with the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. In this way the public are enabled to grasp the question apart from theological subtleties.

Hence the popular agitation which the publication of these documents has produced in Southern Germany, and which every day seems to increase.

From The Saturday Review.  
THE PROGRAMME OF THE COMMUNE.

THE Commune has taken advantage of what may possibly be its last opportunity of addressing France through its own official organ, to state what it wants and what it is fighting for. This programme is in every way a remarkable document, and deserves attentive study. It has been unmistakably composed by men who have at least thought out their own meaning, and who offer to the consideration of France ideas which, whatever may be justly said and thought of the character and acts of their present promulgators, can scarcely fade away into nothing when the military insurrection is suppressed. It is in short a programme of decentralization, of decentralization carried to an extreme which would make the coherence of a great nation difficult, or perhaps impossible, but the exaggerations of which are mainly to be attributed to the exaggerations of centralization with which France has been so long familiar, and from which France has suffered so many evils. What is it that Paris wants? It wants, in the first place, the Communists reply, a Republic; and, in the next place, a Republic composed of Communes, each independent in its own sphere. But what is the sphere of a Commune? The programme certainly gives a distinct answer to this important question. The freely elected governing body of each locality is to raise and spend all money raised for local taxes, is to organize its own judicial system and administration, manage its police, and control and conduct education in its boundaries as it pleases. It will be the duty of the Commune to protect all individuals composing it in the free expression of their opinions, and in following the dictates of their conscience; and it will secure order within itself, and protection against assaults from without, by having its own local force, with heads elected by the members. This is all Paris asks for. It wants, we are told, no Dictatorship over the rest of France, nor does it menace the unity of France; but whereas France has hitherto been kept together by a dictatorial Government overcoming all resistance by the agencies of centralization,

Paris wants to secure this unity by the co-operation of a vast aggregate of free and independent local bodies. But Paris, having now a Commune of its own, refuses to wait until the rest of France has followed its example. It will make any changes and any experiments it pleases which would be within its sphere if Communes flourished throughout France. It has its own views, for example, on economical and educational questions, and it naturally proceeds at the earliest moment to give expression to these views. What are the precise views of those who now speak in the name of Paris on the great subject of education we are not informed; but as to economical questions we are told, in what is the only obscure sentence of the programme, that "produce, exchange, and credit have to universalize power and property according to the necessities of the moment, the wishes of those interested, and the data furnished by experience"; the meaning of which appears to be, that, if Paris likes to make a Socialistic experiment, it claims to be allowed to do so, as it will learn more by the success or failure of the experiment than in any other way.

It would be extremely easy to criticise this programme from a hostile point of view, to contest the assumption that Paris belongs to itself, or that Paris is represented by those who affect to speak in its name, and to show that the present Commune falls miserably short of its own programme, and that, if it is the duty of an ideal Commune to maintain an "absolute guarantee of individual liberty and liberty of conscience," this duty is performed in a very imperfect manner at present in Paris. But it is sometimes more important to dwell on the merits than on the demerits of political ideas which are being warmly expressed and actively defended. The first thing that strikes an Englishman is that the Commune, in this manifesto, is only asking in an extreme form for what the inhabitants of large towns in England and the United States already possess. London raises its own revenue and spends it; the liberty and rights of conscience of Londoners are adequately protected. London elects many of its magistrates and some of its judges, and the freedom of election in this respect is carried much further in the United States than anywhere in England. It is true that local liberty is under much greater restrictions in London or New York than the framers of the programme propose that it should be in Paris. The chief towns of England

and of the United States are subject to the general laws of the country, and are controlled by the armed force of the Government. Here local liberty is made to harmonize with so much of central authority as is requisite for the preservation of a great State. Still, to judge the Commune and its programme fairly, we ought to take into consideration the circumstances in which Paris finds itself, and all the recent history of France. Paris has for twenty years had no local liberty at all. It has been kept down in trembling subjection by an army composed mainly of provincial peasants torn by conscription from their homes, and obeying blindly the dictates of a successful adventurer who derived his title from the approval given him by remote peasants and fanatical priests. A Parisian might fairly ask a Londoner what he would have to say about the relative claims of local and central authorities if for twenty years the author of a *coup d'état* had been holding down London with an Irish army. The big towns of England are content because they have their own way; and among other things they have twice, in the space of time that has elapsed since the French Revolution of July, forced Reform Bills on the country party, in order to secure the due consideration in Parliament of their wishes and interests. The difficulty that we may conceive pressing on the mind of a Parisian is this, that revolutions which merely place the central authority in the hands of a new set of persons do no good. There was frantic joy in Paris last September when the Emperor was declared to have forfeited his crown and the Republic was proclaimed. But what happened? France in due course of time sent up an Assembly which did not want the Republic at all, and which was only in doubt which branch of a monarchical family it should seat on the throne. The old story would be told again; Paris would be disarmed, a large army would be brought in to keep it quiet, an ubiquitous police would interfere with every department of public life, Government nominees would crush out every symptom of municipal freedom, and perhaps a new Baron Haussmann would tax and rebuild Paris at his pleasure. It is true that M. Thiers still swears by the Republic, and about a fifth part of the Assembly heartily support him in his resolution. But what are the views of M. Thiers on the subject of municipal liberty? What is his conception of a Republic? It is a form of Government in which he is to be Chief of the Executive,

is to pull the strings of the central authority. It is a substitution of the First Consulate for the Empire. Even the Assembly, reactionary as it is on most points, went so far as to pronounce its opinion that if the system of municipal elections was to be reformed at all, complete freedom should be allowed in the election of all municipal officers; and to this M. Thiers replied that he would rather resign than allow anything of the sort, and he forced the Assembly to enact that in all large towns the Mayor should be a Government nominee. Subsequently a clause which was thought a wonderfully clever contrivance for managing Paris was introduced, by which it was provided that each arrondissement shall return the same number of councillors, so that the populous and dangerous quarters might be tricked out of the influence which universal suffrage would secure for them. The Commune of Paris has done many wicked things, and put forward many outrageous pretensions, but we must say that we can understand the indignation and contempt which its defenders must have felt at the concoction, by a set of French provincials, of such schemes for robbing of the reality of its municipal freedom a city which was ready to fight them very hard rather than endure the repetition of the treatment it had received from them and those like them.

At the conclusion of its programme the Commune makes a vehement appeal to France to disarm Versailles and to be the ally of the Commune, which can only end in the triumph of the Communal idea or the ruin of Paris. There does not seem the slightest chance of France responding to the appeal. The few towns inclined to respond are kept down by troops loyal to the Government, and the mass even of those who desire municipal freedom are absorbed by the thought that the first thing for France to do is to get rid of the Germans, and to retrace its steps from the brink of ruin. The present Government of France appears to be one of the most timid, narrow, and ineffective it has ever possessed; but still its cause as against the Commune is the cause of common sense and of national safety. The Commune will in all probability be soon put down, and Paris will again be at the mercy of the central authority. To the credit of M. Thiers it must be said that he seems resolved to use his power over Paris, if he gets it, as mildly as possible. But he means to put down the Commune and to introduce his own First Consular system

of centralization. It is what he has been praising all his life, and at the age of seventy-five he has a chance of seeing it realized. But the Commune may be quite right in saying that the idea which it seeks to establish in the French mind may grow and fructify even though the insurrection proves unsuccessful. There are really only two political ideas in France, the idea of the Commune and the idea of Imperialism; the idea of letting localities distinguished by great divergencies of feeling and opinion develop themselves, each in their own way, and the idea of using the force of one set of these localities to keep down the other set. If Paris is to be held down, if its municipal officers are to be Government nominees, if the voting is to be so manipulated that candidates who find favour with the authorities always win, or at least secure, enough seats to preponderate in the Assembly—if, in short, centralized France is to go on exactly as it has gone on, why not have the Emperor back at once? Surely he knows the tricks of his trade better than any amiable Bourbon who has grown up in exile can know them. But if Imperialism is not to be re-introduced in one shape or another, France must be decentralized to a consid-

erable extent; and as rural and urban France differ so widely, they must be content in a great measure to leave each other alone, just as Cantons in Switzerland which are divided by differences at least equally great manage to leave each other alone, and yet to combine for the purposes of a common country. The Communists very much exaggerate, we in England should think, the value and grandeur of their idea. A country in which the urban and town populations are blended together, do not quarrel, and do not seek for dominion the one over the other, seems to us a much more advanced and a more happily constituted country than France would be under the wisest and best of federal organizations. But then in France the question is whether the rural population shall, through any person or set of persons who may manage to get hold of its votes, annihilate the political existence of the urban population; and if this is the issue, the best friends of France may wish that the idea put forward in this manifesto should not be stamped out, but should make itself felt long after the Official Journal has ceased to issue the programmes of the present occupants of the Hôtel de Ville.

The spring time is coming, and lovers of the country will soon be a-field, enjoying the gentle pleasures which nature has provided for them free of expense. Addison, of the *Spectator*, like a true poet, was also a true admirer of nature's beauties. Here are two charming extracts from letters written by him to the young Earl of Warwick—who was afterwards his son-in-law—when a boy. In the first, we see that Addison had the faculty, which few great men possess, of bringing himself down to the level of the youthful mind. What boy at the present time, even though he were a lord, would not be delighted with such a letter as this?—

“MY DEAR LORD—I have employed the whole neighbourhood in looking after birds' nests, and not altogether without success. My man found one last night; but it proved a hen's, with fifteen eggs in it, covered with an old broody duck, which may satisfy your lordship's curiosity a little; though I am afraid the eggs will be of little use to us. This morning, I have news brought me of a nest that has abundance of little eggs, streaked with red and blue veins, that, by the description they give me, must make a very beautiful figure on a string. My neighbours are very much divided in their opinions upon them. Some say they are a sky-

lark's, others will have them to be a canary bird's; but I am much mistaken in the turn and colour of the eggs if they are not full of tom-tits. If your lordship does not make haste, I am afraid they will be birds before you see them; for if the account they gave me of them be true, they can't have above two days more to reckon.” Again, there is a freshness and natural simplicity in the next letter that makes us wish that we could live back into the old *Spectator* days, and accept this invitation ourselves:—

“MY DEAR LORD—I can't forbear being troublesome to your lordship whilst I am in your neighbourhood. The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music which I have found out in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening; and consists of a blackbird, a robin-redbreast, and a bullfinch. There is a lark that, by way of overture, sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing; and afterwards, falling down leisurely, drops to the ground, or as soon as she has ended her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale, that has a much better voice than Mrs. Tofts, and something of the Italian manner in her diversions.”

Once a Week.



ROME, ITALY, April 4, 1871.

JUST now Rome at the Vatican is deeply interested in the visit of the English deputation to the Pope. The high rank of its members reminds one of days far back in the middle ages, when Offa, king of Mercia, established the tax called "St. Peter's Penny," and Anglo-Saxons made pilgrimages to Rome. Even Saxon kings took the holy journey. William of Malmesbury tells us of Ina, king of Sussex, who left kingdom and crown, came a pilgrim to Rome with his pious queen, was "shorn a monk," and founded the Anglo-Saxon college in this city in 788. Florence of Worcester, too, records that in 1081 King Canute travelled over sea and land to the Eternal City and made some fresh arrangements with the Pope for the treatment of the English bishops when they came to receive their palliums. Canute had an eye to business, for all his pilgrimage piety; he selected the time for visiting Rome when many great princes were assembled here,—the Emperor Conrad of Germany, Rudolph, king of Burgundy, and others,—in order to make treaties with them by which he obtained a free and unmolested passage to and from Rome through their dominions for English travellers, whether ecclesiastics or merchants. These treaties were faithfully carried out during the middle ages, and led to the custom of passports which are now, owing to the changes of time and habits, so annoying to the modern traveller.

These English pilgrims of 1871 bring "St. Peter's penny" in a good round sum, and sympathy deep and strong for the Holy Father; but they do not come in peaceable treaty-making times; nor are they kings or representatives of governments. The island of saints became an island of heretics to the Holy Father many long centuries ago, when the ancestresses of the young nobleman who heads the deputation were furnishing wives to that royal Bluebeard, Henry VIII. The Duke of Norfolk, who is the chief of these modern English pilgrims, is first peer of Great Britain, earl marischal of England, ranks all the nobility of the land, and takes precedence next to the royal family. Though no king, he is the descendant of kings; the third duke of his house married the daughter of Edward IV., the Princess Anna, and his family has been connected by marriage with the sovereigns of France, England and Scotland. He is a good-looking youth of twenty-four, and is going to marry a princess as his ancestors and his cousin of Lorne have done. Margaret of Orleans, the daughter of the Duke de Nemours, is to be the future Duchess of Norfolk. The next in rank in this deputation is Earl Denbigh, who is descended from the house of Hapsburgh, a branch of which famous line settled in England some centuries back. Lord Denbigh is about 45 or 50 years old. Another distinguished mem-

ber of the commission is Lord Robert Montagu, brother of the Duke of Manchester. This nobleman belongs to the Queen's privy council, and was minister of public instruction in the Disraeli cabinet. Viscount Campden, Lord Howard, uncle of the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Arundel of Wardour, the Master of Herries and the Lord of Herries, the Master of Lovat, Lord Archibald Douglas and some fifteen or twenty more noblemen and gentlemen of high rank, wealth and influence compose this nineteenth-century pilgrim band from the Anglo-Saxon island to Pius IX. They attended the private ceremony of the Pope in the Pauline Chapel on Palm Sunday, received blessed palms from the Holy Father's hands, then went down into St. Peter's, and were present at the Chapter Mass.

Boston Daily Advertiser.

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*The Vitality of Yeast.*—Mr. H. J. Slack, in his recent interesting and instructive address to the Royal Microscopical Society, stated that M. Melsens made experiments last year on the vitality of beer-yeast. He found fermentation possible in the midst of melting ice, a temperature at which the yeast would not germinate. The life of the yeast-plant was not destroyed by the most intense cold that could be produced, about 100° C. below zero. In close vessels when the products of fermentation gave a pressure of about twenty-five atmospheres the process stopped, and the plant was killed. M. Boussingault, who was present when this communication was made to the French Academy, accepted the statement, on account of the known ability of M. Melsens, but he detailed experiments to show that other ferments had their activity destroyed by exposure to temperature much less severe, or even by ordinary frost.

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*Escape of the Abbé Moigno and Injury to M. Ch. Girard.*—The "Chemical News" of February 24 states that it has just received a letter from the Abbé, dated Paris, February 15, 1871. From this it understands that the distinguished *savant* had a narrow escape during the bombardment. A shell exploded in his bedroom, and destroyed more than a thousand valuable books, but he escaped uninjured. *Les Mondes*, the publication of which was suspended last September, will reappear as soon as communications are open. M. Ch. Girard has, we regret to say, received serious injury from the fall of a shell, but our readers will be glad to hear that he is now convalescent.